THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1821. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1865. Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 5 Cents. Whole Number Issued, 2313.

THE BABY'S REST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The baby fell asleep one day,
After sharp hours of bitter pain;
Asleep the little treasure lay,
Asleep to waken not again.

Strange slumber on her eyelid pressed—
Her rose-bud lips then lost their glow,
To match the marble hue that rests
Upon the darling's cheek and brow.

Dead! did they say!—and is it Death
That brings a sleep so sweet and calm?
So full of perfect, peaceful rest,
As that which folds the tender lamb.

The smile upon the darling's face
Is not like that which mortal's wear;
It came just as she caught a trace
Of Home and Heaven where angels are.

A ray of Immortality,
A beam of Heaven's effulgent grace
Shone from the land "no eye can see,"
And touched the baby's cherub face.

And then the angels bore her soul
To brighter realms than earth can boast,
Unto the Shepherd's sweet control
Away from earth's dark, stormy coast.

They left the little casket here,
In slumber strangely calm and deep;
Beyond the reach of sin and fear,
Or ill that maketh mortals weep.

From home to home so early borne,
Before a trace of sin or blight,
Had turned the pure, sweet rays of morn
Into the shades of sorrow's night.

The toilsome steeps o'er thorny path,
The darksome vales of bitter woe,
All spared to her whose slumber hath
A deeper rest than mortals know.

THE QUEEN OF THE JAPONICAS;

OR,

STILL WATERS RUN DEEP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The brilliant Academy of Music of the city of Philadelphia was crowded to excess. Ladies verging on forty and in the full effulgence of that age so much admired by his defunct Majesty, George the Fourth of England, young *débutantes* in society, varying from blushing fifteen to eighteen—others of twenty-five and thereabouts; (these last had persisted in "coming-out" for several successive seasons, and at the beginning of which their mamma-chaperônes had announced that Julia, Virginia, or Emily, should begin to go into company a little;) lads from fifteen to twenty, and young fashionables from twenty to thirty, whose tailors had succeeded in enabling them to make a figure in the world—grey-haired *pères de famille* and elderly maiden ladies whose age was suppressed (as some of their headdresses should have been,) in the bosom of their own families. Widows with or without fortune; old bachelors ditto.; gamblers from various cities, in search of that *all* which enables them to glitter, awaited *en masse* the rising of the curtain and the first appearance upon the Philadelphia boards, of Madame Pauline Colson, of Parisian *Opera Comique* celebrity. While that talented and charming brunette makes herself irresistible, like a very Frenchwoman as she is, with all the aid that art and taste can bestow, for her exquisite rôle of Violetta in La Traviata, let us glance about the superb building erected by Philadelphian wealth and pride, and see whether our heroine has deigned to quit the gilded precincts of the paternal mansion, and shine upon the habitués of the lyric temple.

A stir! Everybody turns; a white silk dress rustles at the entrance of one of the boxes nearest the stage; a white lace mantle waves over a snowy arm; the perfume of a dainty bouquet shows itself even to us; and, assisted by her companion, the accomplished *attaché* of a foreign embassy, and followed by her uncle Wilmer Etherage, Ada Etherage, "the Queen of the Japonicas" enters and seats herself, as cool and composed in her air as if perfectly unaware that almost every eye in that vast assembly is turned to note her exquisite loveliness. Oh! flower unique! oh, Queen! who shall describe you? You never were described. Your admirers have tried it and failed, and have renounced the attempt, exclaiming: "there's no describing Ada Etherage!" I have heard poor Downy Featherwood (who distinguished himself during several consecutive seasons by performing the melancholy rôle of Guppy in Miss Ada's romances,) exclaim upon such occasions: "There's no use in *talking* about her—a fellow can only look and die!" And Foppington Witherby, that good-natured coxcomb, declare that he is "not a powet" (poet) "so! but would like to be, 'pon his soul, to do justice to Miss Ada, 'pon his soul he would, but must say that Miss Etherage is quite the thing, decidedly *the* thing, 'pon his soul she is."

The title of Queen of the Japonicas had been given on the occasion of a flower-fair held at Mr. Etherage's country-seat, in which Ada had presided over the Japonica stands. Her perfectly colorless complexion, snowy arms and shoulders, and spotless attire had suggested the thought to ———, the poet, and it had clung to Ada. Henceforth she was the "Queen of the Japonicas."

"Her brow was white and low,"

not too low, but curving with that feminine sweetness which a bald, unshaded space of forehead never has, sweeping softly into the form of a reversed crescent. Her eyes blue, rather a dark blue, are shaded by long, golden brown lashes; her hair richly braided around her oval face, is brown with a golden warmth and light; the nose, straight in full face, but slightly Roman, or high in profile, gives a peculiar vivacity to her countenance—the nostrils are delicate, the look at time full of spirit—yet the whole countenance is rather melancholy and subdued in its character than gay. The mouth is peculiar, the lips chastely voluptuous, (could you see it, you would not deem this a contradiction of terms, my reader.) Warm and red are its velvet folds, forming a soft, yet spirited arch, and in profile, the red of the upper lip, curving to a fine line, cannot be discerned save at the delicately pointed curve with which it rests upon the full under lip—a beauty rarely seen save in the lines of statuary. The sweet chin, so softly marked, so feminine, so delicate, the fair cheek, sweeping with a spiritual softness to the small ear, the fine classic contour of the royal head, resting upon a queenly arching throat, with the superb wide shoulders, white as alabaster—all these peerless charms make up a dream-like, yet dazzling beauty, a whole of that tender, passionate, yet pure and poetic cast which appeals irresistibly to the deepest feelings.

She moves. Her delicate, yet well-formed arm, finished by a tapering hand, raises the mother-of-pearl opera-glass to her large, languid eyes. Suddenly a slight rose-color steals into that cheek, the customary paleness of which has won her late poetic title we have spoken of. The fine orbs dilate, warmth, life, light flashes over the whole countenance; the proud head turns slightly; the delicate bosom heaves, and the tapering, yet rounded waist inclines forward.

We will follow her gaze. There, almost in shadow, but lighted here and there by the glare of the footlights, peers a countenance of sufficient power and beauty to justify even that absorbed look.

Julian Carleton, to whom we now turn our attention—and opera-glass, possessed a soldier's courage, a poet's perception, and the earnest and noble mind one might imagine Adam to have had when he trod alone those paths of Eden, over which only the shadow of an angel's wings as yet had passed. Proud, passionate, and impassioned as only a young man can be, whose heart is yet unstirred in its silent depths, its hidden and fathomless emotions, there flashed a something at times from his eyes, which justified his mother's words, when with twenty-five summers upon his dusky curls, her son stood beside her and she warned him saying, "Go, Julian, into the world; I must send you forth into the undreaded yet real dangers of society; it is man's fate to begin there the serious battle of life, to resist in many moments when he had not thought to meet temptation; but beware, for you will be great in good, or terrible in evil."

Fire is a beautiful element, but a fearful one. Who that has looked upon Ary Scheffer's painting of the Temptation of Jesus by Satan, has failed to see in the dark, yet god-like form of Lucifer, son of the morning, one who once stood among the angels?

Look at Julian as he stands there, unaware that he is observed. Mark that fine, wide brow, marble-white and lofty, yet compact and crowned with enwreathed masses of rich, black, waving hair. Note the proud mouth, scornful yet sensitive, reserved in expression, yet tender in character—look at the dormant power in those wonderful dark hazel eyes—mark the full Roman curve of the boldly defined chin, the classic nose, and the stormy eyebrows. Ah! my poet-hero, you are superb, but like a beautiful leopard, you would be a dangerous plaything for any of the fair ladies around you. Nothing but the one *grande passion*, the maëlström over which the life-ship must pass, or be engulfed therein, can quench the flash in those eyes, make the lines of that proud mouth quiver, set a single cloud upon that brow, radiant with the morning of genius, or bend in suppliant attitude that form of majestic height and imperial bearing.

At the moment when the overture to La Traviata commences, Julian, turning his back against the stage, near which he has installed himself, begins his customary survey of the youth, beauty, and fashion assembled at the Italian opera. His eye glances indifferently from one to another, meeting the nods of pretty girls and lovely widows, without kindling either to pleasure or animation, but, as he was about to resume his seat, the gleam of a white shoulder caught his eye, and then it rose like a bird to the sunlight up to the face of Ada. A strange thrill pervaded his frame. His olive cheek grew pale, and fixing the opera-glass firmly before his eyes, he drank in with one long look this wealth of gentle beauty.

Ada had turned away as soon as she observed that Julian's attention had been attracted to herself, but soon an irresistible impulse caused her stately head to incline forward once more, and at that moment her eyes met those of Julian, who had lowered his glass. The singular power of this deep look attracted her for one unconscious instant, and then the instinctive blush rose to her cheek at once at the earnestness of this gaze, and at the thought of having returned the intense look of a person with whom the forms of society had not yet made her acquainted, though the wonderful effusions of Carleton's poetic pen had often stirred, like spirit-footsteps, the deep wells of her woman's heart.

How much of life can but one look decide! The Fates who held the web of Ada's destiny in those few seconds wove in a golden thread. Whether the airy tissue shall gleam with gems, or whether it shall be dank with the weight of tears, the potent deity of the arrow and quiver must yet decide.

Tremble, Ada! Julian pause, while you gaze, for at your very lips is held a draught which shall be the sweet wine of life, or the deep cup of sorrow. The lights glance, the soft music floats upward into the perfumed air, all is melody, fragrance, life and delight, yet the Pale Sisters ply their rapid fingers which never weary, no, not one single hour!

There are among those whom the début of La Colson has attracted some friends of the "Queen of the Japonicas," one whom we shall mention. Foppington Witherly played a part in our romance, indeed, without him—but I will not anticipate. Poor, dear, foolish, absurd, entertaining, preposterous creature! The remarkable fidelity with which that devoted soul performed the rôle of Ada's bouquet-bearer, and shawl-carrier, is worthy of being mentioned in his praise. How ridiculous it was of him to fall in love with her! how unexpected! but *ole volete?* Foppington was human, though foppish. Poor Witherly, with his round, good-natured face, his diminutive figure, his lively but not ungraceful motions, his light curly locks, his slightly pink cheeks, his blonde moustache, his lisp, his bow, and his general air of doubtful prostration, how tremendously deep, considering his mental calibre was the impression made upon him by Ada, how uncomfortable it made him, and how perfectly obvious it was to all, while he supposed it to be deeply buried in his secret bosom, under that always unapproachable waistcoat.

To return to Ada. Looks filled the evening. They have a language of their own, it is true, but they cannot tell our story. Let us hasten on, for we have other scenes to tell of. The opera is over. Ada is discovered in the lobby by Miss Rosalie Rambler, a handsome, coquettish blonde.

"You will come to my ball, won't you, Ada dear?" exclaims Rosalie. How delighted she is to see Ada! What an affectionate kiss!

"We shall have some delightful creatures from Boston. Lots of officers, and some exquisite foreigners from everywhere you can imagine, the moon included. Besides, you promised, you know you did!—and some loves of New Yorkers, and Mrs. Merwood, you know, is going to bring her cousin, Mr. Julian Carleton, the poet, my dear, so don't miss. He'll be sure to fall in love with you, Ada, because you have such large eyes, and because your name is so romantic, so be *sure* not to miss." Here Miss Rambler's papa impatient, muttered something about "carriage waiting, deuced late," and Miss Rosalie and Rambler *père* disappeared in the midst of a perfect *feu d' artifice* of little silvery laughs, accompanied by smiles and nods.

Ada had blushed at the mention of Mr. Carleton's name, for she had recognised the original of the portrait which ornamented her own volume of his poems, and then the blush having risen to her cheeks, was of course very much provoked at herself for having blushed, but what was her consternation, when on turning her head at the sound of a deep, rich voice near her, she saw Julian giving his arm to his cousin, Mrs. Merwood, of musical soirée celebrity, and received another unfathomable look from his expressive eyes. In a moment Mr. Etherage, the guardian and uncle of Ada, appeared at the entrance of the opera-house, and approaching his niece, entered into conversation with the *attaché*, her escort, and the carriage door an instant afterwards closed upon the vanishing form, still followed by Julian's longing eyes.

* * * * * * *

Of course the reader anticipates that being but a step behind Ada, and hearing Miss Rambler's invitation, Julian did not fail to present himself at the ball on the following Thursday.

Ada had not been in the room half-an-hour before Miss Rosalie, all decorated in pink silk, and crowned with roses of the veritable Pompadour hue floated up to her and begged permission to introduce "Mr. Julian Carleton," (the poet, you know, dear,) this in Ada's ear, "who is dying to be introduced to you. Now don't be stiff and royal, Ada, as you sometimes are," (also an aside) "and fairly set him beside himself with love. He is half insane already about you. I can see it in his eyes. Isn't he handsome, and didn't I tell you so?"

During this little *private* communication, two-thirds of which were distinctly audible to Julian, Ada's cool cheek flushed, and it was with some confusion, though maintaining outward composure that she raised her violet eyes to Julian's face.

She was beautifully attired. A fairy fabric of white lace, over silk of silvery sheen, had an upper skirt looped with a cluster of white pond lilies, on which a jeweled dragon-fly seemed to quiver its gemmed wings. Along the softly waved and rippled bands of her sunny brown hair rested a narrow circlet of slender lily leaves and stems entwined, the centre stems forming a raised point. Here glittered another jeweled dragon-fly. A rich cream-colored mass of the lilies nestled near the nape of the neck, intermingling with the luxuriant fall of a profusion of curls, which floating carelessly back over the shoulders, swept far below the waist. A scarf of illusion, exquisitely fitted gloves worked with blue, and boots of white silk, perfect in form, completed the artistic ensemble.

Some brilliant waltzers had for a moment kept the floor, and now resuming, swept before Ada and Julian, and in so doing struck the bouquet from Ada's hand. Julian promptly rescued it from where it fell, exposed at every moment to be destroyed by the dancers' feet, and suggested the propriety of walking away from the group near the lively Rosalie, who stood ensconced among black coats and pedestals decorated with flowers and backed by an immense mirror, and proceeded towards the widely-opened door of the conservatory, where a cool fountain, playing amid myriads of costly exotics, seemed to invite to its refreshing vicinity all such as were not whirling about the floor in the giddy vortex of the German waltz.

In a moment our hero and heroine had traversed the rooms, and, standing near the door of the conservatory, Ada paused to observe the various couples upon the floor, thus seeking some distraction from the enthrallment of that look of Julian's which seemed to be seeking the very depths of her innocent heart. Julian, seeing her confusion, turned also to the dancers, as a closely united group (the *cavalier* holding the *dame* affectionately pressed against his "agitated bosom,") whirled deliriously by, his fine lip curled, and he murmured:

"Oh! Germany, how much to thee we owe!"

Ada overheard the murmur, and raised her handkerchief to her lips to conceal a smile. Julian was too quick for her, however, and seeing the lingering of her only dimple, which, having no twin, was beautiful for two, he said, in a low voice:

"So you read the poets?"

"Yes."

"Byron, for instance."

"Yes," said Ada, bravely; "parts of Byron, and of Shelley and Moore, too, though it is something like groping for diamonds in the earth, and pearls in the slime of the river's bed."

"Shelley! then you remember, I arise from dreams of thee!"

"I have set it to music."

"You sing, then? You seem to have all of nature's best and most endearing of gifts," said Julian, in a low voice.

Ada drew nearer to the fountain, and seated herself upon a divan placed near its ornamented basin. "The light and dancers confuse me," murmured she. "I am no soldier. The opera one night and a ball the next have quite exhausted me."

"Ada! Miss Etherage, forgive me; but oh! how pale and beautiful you look, pale as the lilies on your dress. Confusion! what am I saying! What a puppy you will think me! but—" here Julian paused, and then with a resolute, passionate forgetfulness of the proprieties, turning his back upon the dancers and dropping one hand upon the delicate fingers which rested upon the divan, "you will know how to pardon the emotion you create. I know I am a miserable fool, and that you will probably forbid me even to see you again; but if you could but know how like an opening of Paradise it is, to meet one so refined, so intellectual, so beautiful, so pure, among the absurd set of dancing, giggling, bespangled idiots one encounters at all the balls and fetes: You seem as if you bore with you the secret of some unknown, superhuman happiness. You would forgive my folly, my presumption, did you know how deeply I feel this. Will you forgive me, dear Miss Etherage? Do not be angry, do not strike me to your feet by an indignant look."

Ada had raised her large blue eyes to his face, and they were filled with a painful gravity. She did not, could not know, how intensely her beauty acted upon the impassioned nature of the poet, the favorite of fortune, who pleaded for her forgiveness. To her very heart she felt wounded by his compliments as she deemed them, and it was almost sternly and very sadly that she replied, "I should be sorry to think that Mr. Carleton had so far forgotten the demeanor of a gentleman as to make game of a lady."

No marble statue could have looked colder than Ada as she uttered these words.

"Make game of you?" exclaimed Julian; "good heavens! I see! I have been making a wretched fool of myself! You despise me, you are angry with me. Forgive me, Miss Etherage; (here Julian drew up his tall form with dignity, and a deep, uncontrollable sigh burst from his lips, which were very pale,) "you have made me forget everything but yourself; I see I have shocked your delicacy. I will, *if you bid me*, leave you now. If you bid me, I will never cross your path again, for my last thought would be to pain or annoy you; but I tell you, ere you do so, that I have met my fate to-night in your sweet eyes.——Ada! this last time, I leave the hope of my life at your feet. Will you not speak to me?—do you bid me go from you? Here his rich voice trembled, and Ada raised her eyes once more to the dark, passionate orbs darting their tremulous light into her own. The truth, the glorious, unmistakeable truth, the stamp of real and ardent feeling, was written on the face bending above her own.

"Bid me stay," murmured Julian. "My life is yours. If we part now, death may come to one of us, even to-night, and what would life be to me henceforth, if we parted in anger?"

Ada was voiceless, her heart beating to suffocation, and she felt that the color had deserted her cheek. There are moments in love, sweetest and purest hours, that bring emotions as intense and terrible as the coming of that swoon which ends life. Her womanly dignity upheld her, and she extended her hand to Julian.

It would have been hard to say which face was the palest, her own or Julian's, as he clasped that hand.

"This is a joy saints cannot taste in heaven," whispered he, as he pressed Ada's little hand to his lips. Then lifting his noble brow, gleaming olive-white in the floods of light, "Ada," said he, drawing a white camelia from the bouquet he still held, "may I keep one of the flowers of which they have called you the Queen?" This night has given my life a purpose. Let me keep this pure flower," and, drawing a slender ring from his finger, "keep this for my sake; if you ever reclaim the flower, send me back this pledge by which I bind my life to yours. May the day soon come when I may claim you, as the

"Queen of marriage, a most perfect wife;'

Do not refuse it;" and he extended the ring to Ada with a supplicating bend of his tall form, as imploring as if he had knelt before her.

"Julian," said Ada, as she extended her hand Julian placed the ring upon it, "I, as well as yourself, have forgotten to-night the usages of the world in which we live. In our first meeting, we have exchanged vows which are not usually uttered till after months, if not years of acquaintance; whether they are the less sincere for having been uttered so early, the future will show. I trust that I shall not have forfeited your esteem. I do not refuse you this poor flower, and I accept your pledge, my Knight of the Blossom and the Circlet. But if, to-morrow, by sunset, just when the leaves of my japonica begin to fade and wither, you find that the feelings of to-night have passed away as the idle fancy of the hour, send me the flower, and I will return your ring."

"I will keep the flower," replied Julian, "and with it I fold a joy to my heart which life, whatever it may reserve for me, cannot wholly take away; for even you, Ada, could never wrest from the future the treasured memories of to-night."

Ada rose, pale with emotion, yet most lovely, her dark blue eyes filled with a spiritual light, her fair face lighted with that ecstatic emotion which fills the heart of a pure woman when a seraph opens its secret gate and murmurs, "I am loved." And Julian, with a meaning in the gesture, offered his arm, leaning upon which, she traversed the long and brilliant rooms. As for Carleton's face, it absolutely seemed glorified; all that it ever needed, the light of true love, shone now upon that brow.

It was a change indeed; it might be called a shock to come within the range of Miss Rosalie's voice again.

Let me describe the piquant Rosalie. She had a little *nez retroussé*, accompanied by bright hazel eyes, blonde hair, full, somewhat square cheeks, with bewitching dimples; however, to make up for the *contour un peu carré*, a well-formed chin, a broad, low brow; lips, of crimson hue, not without defect in form, though her teeth were so faultless that the reproach of width made to her mouth seemed to be needlessly severe; fine white shoulders, a full throat, and a plump, yet not inelegant form. These attractions, with untiring animal spirits and imperturbable good humor, made up the royal right of Rosalie to reign as a belle in that city where pretty women are so common a sight, that they never seem to be a novelty, and are rather the rule than the exception. Her *sang froid* was unalterable, her daring nothing could for a moment discompose.

How many victims did you make, Rosalie, in the course of your belledom? How many hearts did you flutter without fatally injuring them? How many waltzes were granted to the fortunate swains, whose moustaches, diamond studs, delectable conversation and attempted *bon mots*, pleased your volatile fancy, when seasoned by such compliments as are generally addressed to young ladies, who, like yourself, do not exactly shine in what is called the intellectual portion of our fallen nature? How many of those poor desperate creatures, driven mad perhaps by your heartless cruelty, now fill, for ought we know, the insane asylums of America? How many of those who were to blow their brains out, *did* blow their brains out? Who immolated themselves in a watery grave, and oh! how many took poison?

And then, Rosalie, dear, you are pretty, certainly, and the sight of a pretty woman is ever a pleasant thing; but still it would be interesting to know if some of the dozens or hundreds at whom you have laughed, you dreadful flirt, you! did not occasionally have a sly smile at you? Perhaps those little endearing ways, that resting of the snowy hand upon the black coat-

sleeve, and that appealing expression of the eyes, together with that coquettish wriggle, and that languid "Ah! Mr. Brown, Smith or Jones," as the occasion might be, with your head a little on one side, may have lost by frequent repetition, a portion of that assassinating effect which these fascinating ways undoubtedly produced upon the heart of the first subject. You should feel gratified, Rosalie, if it was so, for how would you have felt had you seen the unhappy creatures fall into horrid convulsions at your feet, encased as they invariably were in delicate *brodequins* or annihilating slippers? How could you have ever flirted again had they been stricken down in the very prime of youth or manhood, from excess of admiration? It is frightful to think of!

"Dear me! how odd of you," exclaimed Rosalie at the sight of Ada, "I'm sure you must think my ball very stupid. What have you been about, you dear, eccentric, beautiful girl? What do you think? I have made three new conquests!—such loves! Ada, now watch me, and see me captivate them all at once!"

Rosalie vanished, and Ada looking up, saw before her a countenance depicting utter astonishment. It was that of the interesting Foppington Witherly. "Foppy" had accompanied Ada to the ball, but had been suddenly seized by his sister, who had been looking for him, at the moment when Miss Rambler had introduced Julian. Still Foppington wished to linger near Ada. He had had the distinction of entering the room with *the* beauty of the season, the "Queen of the Japonicas," and did not mean to relinquish her quite at the beginning of the evening. Being positively torn away by his relentless sister, which he endured like a gentleman, as he was, he had missed Ada on his return, and had hopelessly wandered up and down the rooms, with his *pince-nez* at his eyes in all the misery of a near-sighted dandy, pushed here and there by the dancers, and being sent by every one in a different direction to look for Miss Etherage. Suddenly he stood aghast. He had discovered Ada, and leaning in "a deucedly easy way on the arm of that devilish handsome fellah, Carleton."

Ada, with a desperate attempt at seriousness, bowed gravely to Witherly, as much as to say: "You see I am provided for, in spite of your desertion." Poor Foppington approached with a countenance full of woe.

"You see, Miss Ethewage, the deuce take it, excuse me, Miss Ethewage, whenever I go out I always meet Louisa. Louisa's always so glad to see me, because I'm her brother; and she's married and away from home, you know, and I'm obliged to speak to her, now ain't I, Miss Ethew ge? because she's my sister, you know; and I hope you'll excuse my leaving you standing alone that way in the midst of the dancers, like a perfect brute, as you must think me, Miss Ada."

This was candid, though incoherent.

"Don't distress yourself, Mr. Witherly, I'm perfectly well escorted, you see. It is certainly awkward such effusion of tenderness from one's sister, just at the moment of accompanying a lady into a ball-room, but I have survived the shock of the dancers, and will not trouble you any further, as I purpose returning home in a few moments."

With these words, as the music of the German was just ceasing, Ada was turning away, but Julian, on whose arm she was leaning, turned with her and left poor "Foppy" to the abasement of utter and abject misery and prostration of spirits, giddy, in fact with grief, and changed into a fashionable-looking statue in the midst of the floor.

The ball continued to a late hour, but at a comparatively early one, Ada left the rooms. Poor Foppington met her in the hall, contrite and afflicted, bearing her burnoe and hood, which he had courageously sought in the dressing-rooms. Julian, however, took them from him with a grave bow and thanks, and Ada sprung into the carriage, where Jenny, her maid, awaited her, according to instructions previously received.

The hand which Julian pressed, as he handed Ada into the carriage, gave a slight responding touch, and then drew itself away, trembling at its own boldness.

"How soon may I call upon your uncle?" whispered Julian.

"Whenever your heart prompts you to do so," replied Ada, as the carriage door closed, and the vehicle drove rapidly away from the stately mansion of Thornwood Rambler.

The reader must now become acquainted with the evil genius, whose intervention in Ada and Julian's love-history, was destined only too soon to make itself apparent.

Atherton Welby, the maternal uncle of Julian Carleton, was forty years of age. He approached that period at which the prime of life begins, and it would have been difficult to find a handsomer or nobler appearance, accompanied by a more subtle, depraved, and sensualised mind. He was dangerous, for his vices were hidden, even unsuspected; his tastes outwardly bespoke refinement and cultivation, and the singularly imposing character of his person enabled him to win admiration, while his apparent frankness and sincerity gained him enthusiastic parasites. To use all men for his own purposes was Welby's theory. Woman, he regarded as a toy. Indeed all those with whom he had dealt were not calculated to uphold the standard of womanhood.

This man had determined to make an end of it and marry. The object of his admiration was Ada.

No human being knew Welby's plans. Ada, who had seen him often of late with her guardian, was far from suspecting them.

In the visits which succeeded Julian's proposals to Ada, he encountered his uncle. The meeting between them, and Welby's observation of Julian's bearing towards Ada, convinced him of a mutual affection between Ada and his nephew. It was necessary therefore in order to effect his own purpose, to part the lovers. To do this he needed a tool. That tool he found. He was not a millionaire for nothing.

Mrs. Flashington was a widow, left with wealth, who by reckless extravagance had become so much embarrassed that ruin stared her in the face. She was twenty-five years of age at the time of her husband's death, and now about thirty, and very beautiful.

Her type was the exact opposite of that of Ada. Dark, rich, and gorgeous. Her features were aquiline, her eyes large and black, her hair jetty, her lips full and voluptuous. A slight down shaded her upper lip. Though her person was large, it was queenly and perfect in symmetry, and if her eyes had a bolder glance than was altogether womanly, she knew how to throw into them all the seductive softness needed to inspire passion. Every movement was grace. The subtle repose of a sleeping lioness, or some fiery and uncontrolled creature, seemed to pervade her form in repose.

We find her with Mr. Welby.

"You sometimes speak of gratitude to me, Zenobia," said Mr. Welby to her, "you have it in your power now to increase my regard a thousand fold. I will, if you will heed me, free you of every debt and place you in an independent position."

"How?" replied Zenobia, eagerly.

"I have a nephew," replied Welby.

"Young Carleton?"

"Yes—an accomplished, handsome man—'the observed of all observers.' I wish to get rid of him."

"Get rid of him!" exclaimed Zenobia, whose knowledge of Welby's character was such that a proposal to perform the part which Lucrezia Borgia involuntarily fills to Gennaro would not have surprised her.

"Oh! don't alarm yourself," said Welby, with an evil smile. "I don't mean to murder him. I merely wish to remove him from my path; and you must aid me."

"How?"

"By means which you will easily understand. I shall soon marry. The object of the proposals I intend to make is Miss Etherage."

"The Queen of the Japonicas?"

"Yes. And Julian Carleton loves her—nay, I fear has already won her love. What I wish you to do, is this: You are beautiful. Charm, dazzle, bewilder, fascinate Julian—bring him to your feet; and, until I have married Ada, *keep him there.* I will bring him here. The rest is for you to do."

"*Il faut bien se désennuyer*," replied Zenobia, "but I will not stir one step in so perilous an undertaking—one which may lose me my reputation"—here she lowered her eyes, like a Madonna, and looked immaculate; "unless the compact is signed and sealed."

"As you will," exclaimed Welby, after starting at the proposal. "Draw up your contract, you Shylock, I'll sign the bond!"

Opening a desk of *papier-maché*, Zenobia wrote upon a sheet of rosy hue:

"I agree to pay to Zenobia Flashington, the sum of fifty thousand dollars on the morning of my marriage to Ada Etherage."

Mr. Welby signed. What was fifty thousand dollars to him? A pitiful sum indeed.

* * * * * * * * *

We need not speak of the introduction of Julian to Mrs. Flashington otherwise than to say that Julian little dreamed that Zenobia was acting a part. When her large, expressive eyes fixed themselves upon his from time to time with a profound and fascinating gaze; he, absorbed in thoughts of Ada, did not seem to observe it. The widow, if he looked curiously at her, would droop her sweeping lashes, and bend her eyes upon the floor. Her superb voice and the fascination of music was not neglected as a means to her evil aim. The effect of her rich vocalisation was as if some imprisoned bird had fled from its cage and perched upon some classic statue in the apartment, was warbling forth its triumphant strain in praise of its new-found liberty.

About this time, Mrs. Flashington gave a fancy-ball. She had resolved upon a *grand moyen*, to hasten matters.

Ada was invited, and Julian, as well as Foppington Witherly, and Mr. Wilmer Etherage. Welby, it is needless to say, was one of the guests.

Julian Carlton wore the dress of Hamlet, one suited admirably to the lofty cast of his features. Ada, consequently, chose that of Ophelia—and never was there a lovelier one. Zenobia, as "Night," all diamonds and black tulle, looked a very goddess.

The night had half gone by, the dance was at its gayest moment—bright eyes sparkled, and slender feet glanced quickly beneath sweeping draperies, unless more fully displayed by some peasant or flower-girl's costume.

Ada in dancing, had disarranged a portion of the wild flowers and straw which were disposed about her dress, and the whole length of her luxuriant hair being loosened over her shoulders, as is usual with the dress of Ophelia, it had become disordered also. Excusing herself therefore to Julian, she withdrew to the dressing-room.

Julian, glad to rest a moment, seated himself in one corner of the long apartments which afforded a shaded and peaceful retreat from the noise and glare of the ball-room itself. Dimly lighted with a crescent-shaped lamp, and furnished only with dark velvet curtains, the little antichamber looked inviting indeed. Carleton fell into a reverie. Ada had begged him to defer speaking to her uncle till the end of the month, for she naturally feared that Mr. Etherage would object to hear a word of an attachment which had sprung up upon so short an acquaintance.

"Why," thought Julian, "did she give me permission *that* evening to speak to her guardian, and now delay it? She does not seem to love me less, yet—"

At this moment a light hand was laid upon his shoulder, and turning, he beheld Mrs. Flashington, as "Night."

"You seem to have deserted the festive throng," said she, sinking into a corner of the velvet sofa, partly filled with Carleton's person. "Have you fallen into Hamlet's melancholy in assuming his 'inky cloak?'"

"No more than you have taken the gloom of Night, in donning drapery black as the ebon sky," replied Julian, in the same tone of *persiflage*, and turning so as to face his beautiful companion. "How well the sombre clouds of lace become you?" added he; and indeed Mrs. Flashington was on that occasion peerless. Her olive tinted shoulders, symmetrical as marble, her jetty hair, encircled with a diamond-band, (to which, however, her creditors had a better right than the widow,) her dusky veil sweeping from crown to heel, invested her with that poetic grace which well-chosen fancy dress bestows.

"Yes," resumed she," it is not imagination. The more I look, the better I discern that your face is melancholy indeed. What sorrow can you have—so young, so gifted by nature?" here Zenobia sighed.

Now fancy Julian's plight. Here was the handsomest woman that had appeared upon the Philadelphia horizon for years, seeking him out in his retirement, deserting her crowd of admirers—for she had many—to come to him, speaking in dulcet tones, seeming to interest herself deeply in some apparent sadness which she accused him of allowing to appear upon his countenance, and to crown all—sighing! Nay, even more, she was bending her superb head and looking with earnest interest into his face as if to discern his meaning. Her perfumed breath seemed to play over his brow, her bosom to rise and fall in the softest agitation, and her musical accents to grow more and more harmonious, as she pursued the theme she had chosen.

"So young, so gifted, why should you be sad and leave the dancers? Now I have known sorrow, though but a little older than yourself. I have lost a husband, who, though my heart was cold to him, was all devotion to me. Life is sad now, dreary indeed. I thought *then* that it was, as some say it is, happier to be loved than to love. Alas! in gay crowds like this, I miss that noble and impassioned nature, that poetic imagination, that manly heart—and though my heart was silent then, I feel now that *unloved*, I am indeed alone."

Here a tear or two gemmed the lustre of Zenobia's eyes; she could weep beautifully, artistically, having conscientiously studied the thing, and she suffered the shining drops to fall—on Julian's hand!

"Mrs. Flashington, you suffer; you have some sorrow, perhaps. Let me soothe it; tell me whether I can be of service to you," exclaimed Julian, who unromantically fancied that the widow was a little nervous, had got into some scrape, or perhaps into debt. "I will assist you if I am able."

Here alas! such is human nature. Julian thought it necessary to enforce his assurance by laying his hand upon that of Zenobia, which rested upon the sofa, the other being placed over her eyes.

In this gesture the young man had no meaning such as he might not have avowed to Ada herself. He had formed a purely worldly friendship with Mrs. Flashington, whose designs he did not dream of. He saw her in tears, and the unworldly, candid, impulsive young man volunteered to be of service to her, if possible. But Mrs. Flashington had seen Ada leave him in the little antechamber, and knew for what purpose. She had artfully calculated the amount of time necessary to repair the slight disarray of the lovely Ophelia's toilet. At the moment when Julian's hand was laid upon hers, the widow saw, through her fingers, a light approaching form, to possess the spiritual loveliness of which she would have given all her own beauty.

"Thank you, thank you, Julian; you bring me some comfort in my wretchedness," replied she, and as she did so, Ada stood before them.

The proud "Queen of the Japonicas" gave but one glance, and then she turned away, crossed the room at so rapid a pace that she was instantaneously lost in the whirl of the dancers. Julian sprang up to follow her, with but a muttered word of excuse to Mrs. Flashington. As he reached the door, Mr. Etherage's carriage drove away from it.

He hurried out, stopping but for his cloak, into the street, flew along, but failed in his endeavor to reach Ada's home before her carriage had landed her at its door. It was past one o'clock; he dared not ask to be admitted. * *

The next morning he received a small box, containing the ring he had given Ada. "I claim my *faded* flower, Ada." was written in an agitated hand upon a slip of paper passed through the ring.

Hope, love, youth, honor, the early dreams of life, alas!

"The trail of serpent is over them all."

That evening found Mr. Wilmer Etherage closeted with his former friend, Atherton Welby. That gentleman had just made his proposals for Ada's hand. The following conversation had taken place between the two gentlemen previous to that proposal:

"Your nephew is a fine handsome fellow," said the straightforward Etherage. "Looks full of talent, too."

"Full of talent, so he is," replied Welby; "but"—here he sunk his voice into a mysterious whisper, and with an expression the counterpart of which may be seen in the picture of the devil talking to Margaret's nurse in the Illustrations of Faust, by Ary Scheffer—"but, did you ever see talent and good looks together, where the alliance was not—well—a—a *curse* to the possessor?"

"A curse!" exclaimed Mr. Etherage, turning pale at the thought that an individual spoken of in such terms by one of his relations should be on the footing of intimacy with his own niece. "What do you mean? You do not generally moralize so much, Welby."

"I do not mean to moralize now," answered Welby, "but give me extraordinary personal beauty and rare talents in a young man not religiously brought up, (here Mr. Welby looked as sanctimonious as if ready himself, at the shortest notice, to take orders,) "and I will give you a devil, sir, a devil."

"A what?" ejaculated Etherage, surprised, but half convinced by the apparent sincerity of Welby's manner.

"A devil, simply a devil, an insinuating, frank seeming sort of fellow, but *deep*, my friend, *deep*, and very much experienced *in life*." Here Welby sneered.

"Experienced in life! Why, Mr. Carleton cannot be more than twenty-five!"

"That is his age *in years*;" here his reticence seemed to suggest ages of iniquity. "There's his mother, my sister, you cannot imagine the sorrow that poor woman has had since his father died. She struggles, keeps up appearances; when you meet her in society she is calm and placid, but oh! the inward anxiety of that poor woman!"

"You don't really mean to say that your nephew is such a monster? Who could have supposed such a thing?—his face is so candid, so noble! It is very sad."

Perhaps the immediate following on of his own proposals after this conversation was not so diplomatic a move as Mr. Welby's general astuteness would have led one to expect, but he knew the candid, unworldly nature of the man he had to deal with, and departed satisfied with his promise to inform Ada of the offer he had made. * * * *

Now Foppington Witherly was not a fool. He saw in the days that followed this occurrence a singular pallor and dejection in both Ada and Julian, who were currently reported to be "engaged." It also struck him that Zenobia, whose manœuvres with regard to Julian had not failed to strike him with surprise, was somewhat radiant, not to say triumphant in manner, though Foppington had resolved to watch and stand *Ada's friend*, let what might happen, for poor "Foppy" sincerely loved the Queen of the Japonicas. It was accidentally that he found himself one evening in the little antechamber where the scene we have related had passed between Mrs. Flashington and Julian.

Let me explain. Foppington was a dandy, and, as a dandy, was "extremely particular" about his boots. Now on the evening in question, his patent leathers, then worn, had become so agonizing, so excruciating, that endurance had ceased to be a merit, and he heroically resolved to profit by the first moment when attention should be engrossed elsewhere, and slip into the antechamber, ensconce himself behind the velvet curtains of the windows, which fell over recesses capable of containing several chairs, and remove the boots for a few moments at least. Indeed, fearing an agonizing emergency, and knowing the resource afforded at Mrs. Flashington's by these windows, the provident Witherly had slipped a small pair of pumps into his pocket. To smuggle out the boots by a side door, with the aid of Michael, the waiter, an individual upon whom he had often bestowed little gifts of coin, was easy. He accordingly sought the recess at a favorable moment, and was supposed to have withdrawn and left the house.

Welby and Mrs. Flashington had watched their chance to converse a moment alone. Sometimes the widow was so surrounded for days, and so engrossed in the engagements consequent upon a round of gayety as to be quite invisible to the anxious Welby, who was desirous to hear her "report progress."

"Well," said Welby, "what news have you?"

"At the ball I made a decided hit. Julian was much nearer to the discovery of the fact that a beautiful woman was making violent love to him than he has ever appeared to before?" replied the widow with a laugh, "but, really, Atherton, "continued she, "you should pay me well for this work, I confess that to change from being sought to seeking, from being courted to courting, is little to my taste."

"I shall not fail you, keep him near you."

"She entered and saw him take my hand. You should have seen the look the Queen of the Japonicas gave me!

"Good—yet it is then as I feared, she loves him or she would have been indifferent."

"Loves him! Of course she does! What is there surprising in that? Where will you find his equal?"

"True, but secure him, fasten the victim to your chariot, Zenobia, and ere many days are gone we shall stand in the position of conquerors. I have proposed, and Mr. Etherage has promised me his good word with Ada. The man is not sorry to secure a millionaire for his niece," added Welby with a sneer.

"Well, you will not fail me, nor will I fail you."

"No," replied Welby. "Let us return now."

"Go back, I will follow you."

Welby left her. "I know you will not fail me," muttered Zenobia, "for I hold your written agreement," and she followed her accomplice slowly.

Foppington Witherly meanwhile had gone through two perspirations and three chills in his concealment behind the red velvet curtains. A dark deed of sin was to be done—done by a woman, and for money, the victims two of Foppy's friends, and there was a paper, a written bond, which held the agreement. Foppy resolved to find it. He remained quiet.

The guests withdrew, and from his concealment Foppington watched Zenobia. He saw her draw a chain from her bosom. That chain bore a key of gold. She walked back into the anteroom, an apartment seldom entered save by herself, drew a writing desk towards her, unlocked it, took out a paper, read aloud, "I agree to pay Zenobia Flashington the sum of fifty thousand dollars on the morning of my marriage to Ada Etherage. ATHERTON WELBY."

This paper Foppy noticed was a double sheet. Zenobia gave a sigh of satisfaction. She then took out an envelope, and said to herself: "I had better seal it up at once." She placed the paper in the envelope, and began to search the desk for sealing-wax and a small taper. These she could not find, she laid the envelope upon the open desk and turned away to seek the wax in her boudoir.

Now was the time! She had scarcely set her foot upon the staircase ere Foppington, trusting to his noiseless pumps, glided from behind the curtains, seized the envelope, opened it, tore the sheet apart, possessed himself of the written part, placed the other half in the envelope, laid it upon the desk, seized his boots, opened the long window, leaped into the street, and vanished rapidly.

A policeman, who met the hatless dandy at two squares from the house, before he had succeeded in hailing a wandering cab, stopped him and demanded his motive in "rushing through the streets at that time of night." But the dandy's answer that he was "wunning for a doctor" satisfied the policeman, and "Foppy" was released.

Zenobia returned to the ante-room, sealed the envelope, replaced it in her desk, and retired to that peaceful repose which the upright and noble-minded deserve to enjoy.

* * * *

Julian was wild with grief at receiving the note and ring from Ada. He immediately wrote to her as follows:

"DEAREST ADA:—Of what do you accuse me in your heart? Why do you return my ring? Suffer me to see you. I am sure that one word will dispel the cloud, the first, I trust the last, over the sky of our love. YOUR JULIAN."

Ada received this note in her own room. She was too ill to leave it, her uncle had summoned a physician.

When she recovered, after several days, Mr. Etherage imparted the fact of Mr. Welby's proposals. Ada did not reply for some moments. When she did so, it was to announce to her uncle that her heart was no longer her own, but, added she, "as I fear my love is wasted on a faithless object, I am resolved never to marry."

This conversation took place in the drawing-room the morning after Foppy's seizure of the agreement between Mrs. Flashington and Atherton Welby.

It was interrupted by a loud ringing at the bell.

Enter Julian and Foppington Witherly, arm-in-arm, and highly excited.

Julian walked up to Mr. Etherage. "Mr. Etherage," said he, "I had some weeks ago the honor of proposing to your daughter. Since that time an evil influence has been at work to separate me from her. It is needless at this moment to enter into any details, but a painful impression has been left upon the mind of Miss Etherage, which I think will, however, be sufficiently explained away by this paper, obtained for our sake, Ada"—here he turned to the young girl—"and handed to me by our kind friend, Mr. Witherly."

Here he laid the paper before Ada's eyes. She read it, turned pale and red by turns, rose, placed it in her guardian's hand, and then extended her own to Julian. He raised it to his lips. Foppy pretended to look at the fire.

Mr. Etherage read the paper, and said: "This explains the bad character your uncle gave you to me, and his dread of your future acquaintance with my niece, but as I have obtained much favorable information regarding you, and believe you to be the unjustly suspected object of my Ada's affection, I grant you her hand. Do you leave it to me to answer by this document the proposal of Mr. Atherton Welby for my niece's hand?"

"Willingly," replied Julian.

There was a merry party that day at dinner at Mr. Etherage's house. It included Foppy.

A fortnight after Julian and Ada were married.

On the day that the paper fell into Mr. Etherage's hands Mr. Welby received it in an envelope with these words:

"It is needless to attempt to discover, nor will I ever inform you, how the paper enclosed fell into my hands. I only use it to show you that you are unmasked, and that all intercourse between myself and you, or between you and my niece, is forever at an end.

"WILMER ETHERAGE."

I pass over the rage of Welby and his accomplice. The last that was heard of her was that after she had cheated her creditors of all she could, she flourished during the war as a "lobby woman" in Washington, doing all the evil work that could injure the cause of the right, and all for that which was all she had ever prized—*money*.

Foppington Witherly and Rosalie Rambler have made quite a happy match. Rosalie is tamed, and has become an affectionate wife and good mother. She has, as she says, "had her belle day." The discovery of Foppy's boots by Michael, the waiter at Mrs. Flashington's, was one which that functionary kept to himself. Perhaps my story seems odd, but the truth is sometimes apt to be rather odd.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BELLA Z. SPENCER, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV'R 25, 1865.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined. "Musings On a Rainy Day;" "Constantia;" "Everet Tracy;" "Geraldine Hastings;" "Isabella;" "Andenken;" "Hurlburt Ivers."

A NEW STORY

BY

EMERSON BENNETT

We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers that we have made an engagement with that well-known and very popular author, EMERSON BENNETT, to write, after the expiration of a short period, *exclusively for the Saturday Evening Post.*

Mr. Bennett designs commencing with the first paper of the new year, a story which will run through from about twelve to fifteen numbers of THE POST. It will be called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

Our readers may look for a story of wild adventure and thrilling interest; but the public is so well acquainted with the peculiar merits of Mr. Bennett as a writer of fiction, that the simple announcement of a story from him is probably all that is necessary.

"DEPEND UPON YOURSELF."

A trite saying, certainly, and not very consoling to the frail trembler who has been accustomed to lean upon another—rather cold, I allow, but good, wholesome advice, and a most substantial tonic. True, "I can remember the tears," said a friend to me once, "when first I heard this sage counsel from the lips of one whom I greatly revered. There was a wonderful choking in the throat, and a faint, sickly tremor ran through every vein, while I hurried home, went up into my attic, and drew the ladder up after me, crying as though my heart would break. It did not though, but strengthened wonderfully—just the medicine for me, and I've been thankful for it ever since."

"Heaven helps those who help themselves," is an old proverb, truer than most proverbs are. "Work yourself out" is the burden of almost every one's experience. "Say, honestly and simply, that which your own experience has given you," says Emerson, "and you will give the world something new, and valuable, and lasting." "The English are complete men," said Goethe; "sometimes complete fools also, but even that is something, and has its weight;" and Lessing says—"Think wrongly if you please, but think for yourself."

This is genius; and did you ever think that scarce any man of acknowledged genius seems not to have much faith in genius? What is genius? Some define it to be common sense intensified. Others that it is the power of lighting one's fire. Buffon calls it patience, and Voltaire held that it is a very slight line of separation between the man of genius and the one of ordinary mould. Dr. Johnson defined genius to be "a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined in some particular direction." D'Israeli held that the secret of all success consisted in being master of your subject, such mastery being attainable only through continuous application and study. Newton, when asked by what means he had worked out his discoveries, modestly answered "by always thinking about them;" while a celebrated lecturer to young men always closed by saying: "Do as I have done—persevere." Twenty-five years at his locomotive—and he won. This is genius. Twenty-five years at one thing! and Watts still longer—thirty years! A good thing is genius to lean upon, but industry and accumulation succeed.

Another of our working men compared his mind to a bee-hive, full of buzz and apparent confusion, and still full of order and regularity, and food collected with increased industry from the choicest stores of nature.

From these and other examples we see that progress of the best kind is comparatively slow.

Great results cannot be achieved at once. No one goes to the topmost round of the ladder at once; it is a gradual ascent, step by step. De Maistre says that to know how to wait is the great secret of success. We must sow before we can reap. Nobody but a child expects the flower and the fruit upon the same stalk. The oak grows from the acorn, and that not in a day, or a month, but years—strengthened by sun, wind and driving storms. So the mind does not come to perfection at once, neither does our best mental efforts always lie upon the surface.

It is no sign because we fail once, twice, or thrice, that we shall not succeed. Try again, and keep trying. Diamonds lie deep. It is a mark of shortsightedness and weakness to be impatient of results.

Nothing surprises the novice in mental effort more than the rebuffs and hindrances in the path of those who have at last attained to eminence; but nothing should encourage them more than this, showing so plainly as it does that merit, real merit, patient, humble and honest, will find its place. It is not the man who cries out lustily to Hercules for help, but the man who puts his shoulder to the wheel without the fear of spoiling his best clothes—provided he has any best clothes to spoil.

Turner, the great landscape painter, was a barber; and so was Sir Richard Arkwright—more than this, he was too poor to go to school, teaching himself to read and write, and this only tolerably. Still, this same barber, who for years shaved for a half-penny—came at last to govern the entire cotton manufacture of England.

Would you rise in the world, be willing to work—take pains with your work; no matter how humble it may be, nor how poor may be your remuneration. Think so much of yourself that you do not go backwards. Never be contented to see the sun go down without having learned something. Judge yourself honestly and as severly as you would judge another in your place.

If you are poor, take for your consideration the list of men who have risen to eminence.

Shakspeare was a butcher's son; so were Cardinal Wooisey, Akenside, and Kirke White. Bunyan was a tinker, Stephenson was a pieman, and Watt a maker of mathematical instruments. Dr. Johnson was a mason, working with a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket.

It would take too long to enumerate all, or to tell how they have labored, and through what strait they have come. Those that covet ease need not envy them. Such lives know little of what the world calls happiness. Consumed, eaten up, devoured—by this unreaching, ever-mounting—this constant craving to embody in form the divine voice within them.

Time is the capital that all inherit. If you would win, you must be saving of the precious moments.

Hunter, the great anatomist, was so incessant a worker, that it took ten years for his successor merely to catalogue and arrange the subjects he had dissected and prepared in his museum. When once asked what method he had adopted to insure success, he replied, "My rule is deliberately to consider whether the thing be practicable. If it be not practicable, I do not commence it. If it be practicable, I can accomplish it if I give sufficient pains to it; and, having begun, I never stop till the thing is done. And when Jenner came to him with an important theory imperfectly developed, Hunter said to the discouraged, desponding man,

"Don't think, but try; be patient, and be accurate."

Michael Angelo was a model worker, and he attributed his power of studying so constantly to his spare habits of living. A little bread and wine was all that he required, and very often he rose in the middle of the night to prosecute his studies or his labor. On these occasions he carried his light as the miners on the summit of his cap. Not unfrequently he was too weary to undress, and slept with his clothes on, ready to begin labor as soon as he was refreshed by sleep.

And still this wonderful man, who held the world in thrall by the masterly skill he manifested, had for his motto, "Ancora imparo, still I am learning."

Bulwer is a voluminous writer, and acknowledged to be a genius. And still his two first works were failures. The third was a success. He did not work without an effort. Neither did failure discourage him. So D'Israeli was termed a lunatic, and his first speech in the House of Commons was met with rounds of laughter. He sat down, saying as he did so, "The time will come when you will hear me." The time did come.

Courage then—you who are poor, and with nobody to help you. Depend upon yourself. Supposing that you do meet with some one who tells you that you can't succeed, don't faint. Look the subject over, and if you will to go ahead—there's no staying you. What is the use of being discouraged? Think of Milton, and of the pittance that he won for that splendid poem—the mere illustration of which is making the fortunes of some who have more tact at money making than brains to write.

Woe unto him that is faint-hearted. One does not reach eminence wrapped round with rose leaves, or curtained with hangings of purple and silver.

It was once said by a holy man, "Whatever you wish, that you are." No man wishes with all his heart to be rich, learned, or good without attaining it.

If you have the will to do, depend upon yourself. Lean not upon another; that prop will fail you. Neither faint at the first wind that blows. That man or woman is not worth the name that cannot battle with difficulties, and overcome them too.

PIANOS.—Prof. J. A. Getze, whose musical abilities are well known, has become the sole Agent for the sale of Bradbury's Pianos in Philadelphia. He is convinced, after considerable examination, that these Pianos are among the very best that are made. He keeps also, however, pianos by other makers, as well as Cabinet Organs and Melodeons. His store is No. 1102 Chestnut street, second floor. See advertisement.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"SOMETHING NEW FOR MY LITTLE FRIENDS." Original stories in verse. By F. F. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR." By E. W. S. & S. W. M. Published and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

"OUR MUTUAL FRIEND." By CHARLES DICKENS. Complete and unabridged. Published by T. B. Peterson & Co., Philada.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The DECEMBER number of this favorite magazine is a superb one. The leading steel engraving, in illustration of the text,

"Children's children are the crown of old men,
And the glory of children are their fathers;"

is one that will go home to many hearts. The engraved title-page is truly beautiful—it is a gem of art. It represents The Past and The Future—while, around,

"The little birds sing East, and the little birds sing West,"

to use a well-known line from Mrs. Browning's beautiful "Rhyme of the Duchess May." The Double Colored Steel Fashion Plate for this number will be pronounced by the ladies "superb," or else we are very greatly mistaken. Then there are engravings of the new fashions in jackets, cloaks, embroidery, coiffures, bonnets, &c. The following is the

LIST OF CONTENTS.

STEEL PLATE—FRONTISPIECE.—The Past and The Future.
" " "Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children are their fathers."
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
Only a Child—Children's Fashions—Little Girls' Fashions—Ivy Wreath for Silk Embroidery—Talma—Paletot or Promenade Jacket—Spanish Jacket—Casaque with Hood.
MUSIC—Maud or Sallie?
ONLY A CHILD. By S. ANNIE FROST.
OVER SEA. By FLORENCE PERCY.
MY COURTSHIP.
THE LIGHT HOUSE. By J. C. T.
MY BEAUTIFUL SISTER. By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.
WRECKED. By Miss A. L. MUZZEY.
MR. BROWN'S BOYS. By FRANCES LEE.
FRAGMENT. By W. WELLS.
CHANGES IN THE HOUSEHOLD OF CECILIA BIRD, SPINSTER. By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER.
THE MORAL OF BIOGRAPHY.
SO GOES THE WORLD. By A. P. K.
GIOVANNO TOSINI; OR FRA ANGELICO. By Miss AUBER FORRESTIER.
THE LAW OF INDIVIDUALITY.
"CATCH THE SUNSHINE." By EDWIN R. MARTIN.
TOLD BY THE SUN. By BEATRICE COLONNA.
AUTUMN RAIN. By CHARLES MORRIS.
NOVELTIES FOR DECEMBER. With Illustrations.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.
FASHIONS—Description of Colored Fashion Plate.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 3 copies (and one *gratis*) $6. *Now is the time to get up clubs for* 1866. Specimen numbers for this purpose will be sent for 15 cents. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums in certain cases.* The Prospectus of this magazine for next year embodies a splendid list of contributors. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

NEW MUSIC.

"SING, BIRDIE, SING." Music by Wilhelm Gans. Published by D. P. Faulds.

"WILT THOU, WILT THOU TELL IT ME?" Song by Prach, adapted to English words. Published by D. P. Faulds.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Vintage Festivals—Mate Monsters—Paraguayan Liberality—Down the Paraguay—A Water Party.

The Paraguayan grape harvest had been an abundant one, the fruit being unusually fine, and in accordance with a long established custom, extensive preparations had been made throughout the vine districts to celebrate the *vintage* with extraordinary display.

We had received earnest invitations from the proprietors of at least twenty vineyards, at distances ranging from five to forty miles from the capital to visit them, and partake of their hospitality during the festival. But as the celebration was to be simultaneous everywhere, of course we could be present at no more than one of the fetes, and so after canvassing the claims of our friends of the *campo*—and our own inclinations as well, we decided to accept the invitation of Don Enrique Aservo Moreno, a rich old Hidalgo of pure Castilian blood, proprietor of an extensive *hacienda* and vineyard, located some seven leagues northeastwardly from Assumption.

We had already been the guests of Don Enrique upon a former occasion, so that we were no strangers, and our reception at the estancia on the afternoon preceding the vintage festival, was more like the welcome of old friends, or even relatives, than as foreign strangers. Every preparation for our comfort had been made, and at the distance of two leagues from the estancia we met Don Enrique, accompanied by his whole family, consisting of Donna Estrella, his wife, three sons—all handsome, intelligent-looking cavaliers, four beautiful daughters, and a niece—Senora Flora Iturbide, a fascinating little rural beauty, vivacious and charming, a fitting mate for our own lovely Baltimorean, Miss Edith Bond, and, in fact, they had mated most lovingly at sight upon the occasion of our former three days' visit. The family party were all superbly mounted, and a more accomplished, graceful equestrian family never drew rein in any country.

At sunrise, on the morning after our arrival, the vintage festival was inaugurated by a procession of little girls and boys—all *peon* dependents of Don Enrique's, fantastically clad as nymphs, fawns, and satyrs, wreathed with vine leaves, bearing offerings of grapes, and all singing in harmonious concert a beautiful thanksgiving hymn. Next came the rosy god himself—the best personification of Bacchus I have ever seen—astride a wine butt mounted on wheels, and drawn by twelve appropriately clad cupids. In the rear of his majesty of the revels came a troupe of hilarious bacchanals, male and female, all in costume, followed by a procession of more than two hundred *peon* dependants of Don Enrique, all in holiday attire, wearing vine wreaths, bearing baskets of grapes and flagons of new wine, singing the vintage hymn.

During the passage of the entire procession we stood uncovered, with Don Enrique and his family in front of the *casa*, and in front of us was the good old *Padre*, Domingo, from the mission of Los Angelos, pouring out libations of red wine from an immense flagon, and from his tongue a continuous stream of thanksgiving and benedictions upon the vintage.

An hour after the passage of the procession, there was laid out a sumptuous out-door feast, to which dependants, proprietors, and our party, all promiscuously mingled, sat down. For two hours there was eating and drinking, and "wine and wassail," and then games and music, dancing and hilarity, lasting through the day, and far into the night—and the celebration of the vintage was over.

Upon our departure from the *hacienda*, our generous host forced upon us more beautifully prepared cluster raisins of the new crop than we could possibly bestow about our horses, and Don Enrique insisted upon sending in with us four pack mules, ladened with raisins, wine, and a liberal supply of *mate*, which, he argued, we ought always to have a stock of, whether we had wine, food and clothing, or not.

Don Enrique's estate produced a large supply of this fragrant Paraguay tea, and several samples of his free-will offerings of that material were ingeniously put up in most *beastly* fashion. One of them was the skin of an immense puma, so stuffed with *mate*, that it stood naturally on its feet, glaring with its artistic artificial eyes as if endowed with life—a veritable *Mate* monster. Then there was a beautiful *mate* antelope, a *yerba* sloth, a famous ostrich, an uncouth ant-bear, two ichneumons, and several smaller animals, and, besides, a monstrous anaconda, all life-like, with an internal structure of Paraguayan *tea*.

Upon the day of, and for two or three, previous to our departure, the liberal generosity of our Paraguayan friends cropped out in every conceivable form. Very quietly, and with not an atom of ostentation, a supply of sheep, pigs, and poultry, with suitable subsistence, had been sent on board the brig, all of superior quality, and in quantity sufficient to have supplied our party and ship's crew for an Australian passage, instead of a down-stream one to Buenos Ayres.

All sorts of fruits, dried meats, vegetables, and cooked delicacies of every description, were sent alongside and persistently thrust on board the brig, until the wonder began to arise where we were to find stowage room for ourselves. We were the recipients of so many presents of silverware, watches, and articles of jewelry, that there was no necessity left us for following the example of the swindling Israelites when about to depart from among their Egyptian task-masters. Every one seemed eager to force upon us some souvenir of their friendship, and it was with real regret that we bade adieu to the thousands of friends we had made among the Paraguayans in a period of a little more than two months.

As His Excellency, the President, was anxious that we should see, examine, and make ourselves familiar with the chain of defences commanding the river approach to the Paraguayan capital, our down stream progress was necessarily slow—dropping by our anchors a mile or two at a time, then bringing up, while our whole party would be conveyed on shore by state barges—escorted by a brilliant staff of civil and military officials, who accompanied us all the way down the river—to visit some fortress, fort, battery, or redout. At night we did not move at all; and our shore visits were so many, that it was not until near night on the fifth day after leaving Assumption, that we passed the last of an almost unbroken line of formidable fortifications, occupying the left bank of the river, and extending some forty-five miles below Assumption.

The news of the friendly reception we had met with from the President, and the uniform kindness we had experienced from all classes of Paraguayans, had long preceded us to Neembucu, and when we reached that frontier mud-hole, the deportment of the high military functionary towards us was vastly different from the surley, savage growl of his first greeting some two and a-half months previously—indeed, the pompous general's servile obsequiousness was rather amusing than flattering. But we forgave him, and accepted his ceremonious offers of personal friendship for just what we considered them worth—his tender of the hospitalities of his swamp territory for so long as we would remain, we accepted at considerably more than par value. However, as there was one proposition of the general that pleased us, we voted to delay our departure a few days.

The proposition was an equestrian excursion across the low, level pampa country to the eastward of Neembucu, skirting the river Parana, to a military post, some fifteen leagues distant, located on the bank of that stream.

We had enjoyed so little saddle practice during our up-country visit, that we were all really longing for one of our old time, regular, free, dashing rides, and we accepted the general's invitation to a cruise, on horseback, with avidity; and having spent one day in the semi-quagmire city, on the following morning, at an early hour, we set out from Neembucu—a rather formidable cavalcade, there being thirty odd of our party, including eleven ladies, and about an equal number of Paraguayans—cavalieros and senoras—first among whom was our military chief, his wife and daughter, Donna Selina, a very pretty young lady, and a rider as fearless and dashing as our own Di Vernon Edith.

Don Andres had insisted that we should encumber ourselves with nothing, as it would be but an easy day's ride to the fort, and we should find there abundant supplies of everything we should require. But we had a practice of our own, and we obstinately adhered to it. That practice was, that whenever we went to saddle—if it was but for a half day's ride—to go fully prepared for any exigency, and for a week's subsistence, independent of any accidental supplies.

Once more we were at home in the saddle, every member of *our* party caparisoned with *poncho*, saddle pouches, rifle, revolvers, knife, and lasso; while only here and there one of our Paraguayan friends were provided with any weapon whatever, or a bite of luncheon—great flasks, or leathern bottles of Paraguayan wine, however, I think they all carried—masculine and feminine.

During the two previous days, there had been heavy banks of black clouds hovering to the east and north-eastward of Neembucu, indicative that much rain was falling in that direction, but as none had fallen along the Paraguay river, and the clouds were distant, we apprehended no trouble from that source, and pushed on rapidly until the sun was low in the west, and we were within some four leagues of the fort, when crossing a slight elevation, we saw before us a wide belt of water, certainly five miles across, and stretching as far inland as we could see.

"A flood! *El Inundacion!*" exclaimed a dozen of the Paraguayans, better acquainted than ourselves with the peculiarities of the country.

"The river is rising rapidly!" cried Don Andres, almost demoralized with terror. The whole country will be submerged! We must turn back, and ride for our lives!"

So to the right about we went, and rode for our lives. But our horses mostly, were only indifferent brutes, and so jaded that five miles an hour was the best speed we could spur them to. That rate would never save us, as we soon learned. As the sun went down, we were headed again, by a lake setting back inland further than we could see, and there we were, hemmed in on three sides by the flood, and only one course left us—that, a very doubtful one.

"Does the land rise anything as we go inland, Don Andrea?" inquired Doctor Bond.

"To nao sabe for certe, senor."

"Caramba! who does? I don't believe a Spaniard ever did know anything for certain. Let us ride inland, and see if we can find a way out of this water trap."

And away dashed the doctor to the northward—his sister and Dona Selina riding close to his stirrups, and the whole cavalcade driving on in the rear.

An hour after dark, we drove our horses—*splash* to the saddle-girths into the water, and then in despair, retreated to a slight circular elevation, covered with wood, five hundred yards in our rear. In another hour our retreat was an island, and rapidly diminishing in circumference. The Paraguayans assured us that before midnight it would be submerged.

Comfortable assurance that—but we set to work to meet as well as we could such an exigency. Falling to, upon the lithe saplings growing thick and full foliaged, we would bend the tops of a great number of them down and into a common centre, withing them fast there, and then lopping the up-standing branches with our hatchets, and spreading over them our *ponchos*, and blankets, there we had a safe, and not uncomfortable house—or rather scaffold of refuge for all the senoras. As for the dons, they might drown, slash around in the water, climb a tree, or build a *stand* for themselves. We were not going to do it.

But the flood did not quite submerge our island. It left us a very limited circle, around which we picketed our horses, and in the centre of which we built our fire; and during the two days and nights that the water held us prisoners, we made coffee, broiled our *charque* and dried mutton, and fed ourselves and Paraguayan friends very comfortably.

Then, when the flood abated, our water party returned to Neembucu without visiting the fort. And the period of our visit having been expended mostly on an island, we embarked on board our brig, bidding Paraguay an emphatic *Adios*.

Death of the Editor of the "Public Ledger."

Washington L. Lane, who for twenty-eight years has been associated with the "Public Ledger" of this city, and who for more than twenty-five years was its editor, died in this city on the 14th instant, having attained the age of fifty-two years. Mr. Lane, although holding a very important position, was little known out of his appropriate sphere, being of a retiring disposition and averse to public display. He was, however, admirably fitted for the position he held, being a man of sound practical judgment and good common sense. His views were moderate but independent, and his instincts were high toned and honorable. Upon public questions he was conservative, avoiding the excesses of party, and striving to restrain the excitement of faction. He was eminently a safe and reliable man, and during his long career he never committed any mistake which placed the journal with which he was associated in a false position. He was particularly noted for his industry, his fidelity to the proprietors of the paper, and his conscientious discharge of duty. In these particulars he was a model for the profession, and there was no trait of his character, in his business relations, that was not worthy of study and imitation. The few journalists who had the pleasure of an acquaintance with Mr. Lane, estimated him highly. He was pleasant in his intercourse, intelligent and agreeable in his conversation, and kind hearted in his demeanor to others.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market continues depressed and dull; some 9000 bbls have been disposed of at $9@10 for North-west extra family; $10,25@11,25 for common and choice red Wheat do; and $12,50@13,50 for white Wheat fancies; and a few small lots superfine at $7,75@8,50; and extras at $8,75@9,25 ₩ bbl. Rye Flour is selling at $7,25@7,50 ₩ bbl. Buckwheat Meal is selling at about $5,25 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat is scarce. Sales 30,000 bus, in lots, at $2,20@2,40 for common and choice new reds; $2,30@2,45 for old do, $2,45@2,55 for amber, and white at $2,70@2,85. Rye—Sales of Delaware at $1,12@1,15, and Pennsylvania and Western at $1,25@1,30. Corn—Sales 40,000 bus at 67@70c for fair to prime old yellow, and 58c for white. Oats—Some 25,000 bus found buyers at 53@55c for Southern and Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—There is very little movement in the market. Mess Pork is selling in a retail way at $35 for old and $40 for new. A sale of new family Beef was made at $20, and new Beef Hams at $40 ₩ bbl. Dressed Hogs are selling at $16½@17½ ₩ 100 lbs. Lard—Sales at 28@28½c for bbls and tes. Butter moves off slowly at 40@45c for roll and 35@55c for repacked, the latter for choice Goshen. Cheese is selling at 17@19½c. Eggs are worth 35c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The week's sales reach 1900 bales at 47@54c for low and good middling quality.

BARK—The market is dull; sales of Quercitron at $33½ for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark is unchanged.

BEESWAX is offered at 50c ₩ lb.

COAL—The market is unsettled and dull. Sales at $9@10 ₩ ton on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—Some 500 bags have been disposed of at 31@33c, currency, for Rio; 22@23c, gold, for Laguayra, and 18½c for St Domingo.

FEATHERS are dull at 95c for Western.

FRUIT is selling more freely at $5@7 for Green Apples, and $11@14 ₩ bbl for Cranberries. Dried Apples and Peaches are scarce and high; we quote the former at 14@17c, and the latter at 25@35c ₩ lb; as to quality.

HAY is selling at $15@18 ₩ ton.

HOPS—Sales at 35@65c for old and new.

IRON—There is a fair demand for Pig Metal; a few small sales are reported at $45 for No 3, $48 for No 2, and $50@51 for No 1. Scotch Pig is selling at $53@55, as to lots.

LUMBER—White Pine ranges at $30@35, and Yellow Sap Boards at $28@31 ₩ M.

OILS—Petroleum—Sales of 9000 bbls at 36@37c for crude, and 59@61c for refined, in bond, chiefly at 60@61c.

PLASTER is wanted at $3,50@3,75 ₩ ton.

RICE—Prices range at 9@10½c for foreign, and 12½@13½c for domestic.

SEEDS—Sales of Cloverseed at $7@8; Timothy at $3,50@3,75; and Flaxseed at $3,10@3,15 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is firmer and the sales limited at 245@250c. Whiskey—Sales at 245@247c for Pennsylvania and Western bbls.

TALLOW is selling at 14@14½c ₩ lb.

WOOL—The market is very quiet; sales of fine Fleece, at 70@77c, the latter for choice clips. Low Wools are neglected and nominal at 55@65, and Tub at 67@75, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 900 head. The prices realized from 16@16½ cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $60 to $90 ₩ head. Sheep—4000 head were disposed of at from 6½@7½ cts ₩ lb. 3100 Hogs at from $15,00@17,75 ₩ 100 lbs.

THE LADY'S FRIEND,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION

THE LADY'S FRIEND is devoted to choice Literature and the illustration of the Fashions, and also contains the latest Patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head-Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., &c.; with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies generally. It is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of a large number of

THE BEST WRITERS.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING, and a COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE, will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c.

TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well-known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2,50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Eight copies, (and one *gratis*,) $16; Twenty, (and one *gratis*,) $35. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $4.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We offer a Sewing Machine as a Premium for the LADY'S FRIEND, on the same terms as are offered by the SATURDAY EVENING POST in its Prospectus. The Clubs may be composed entirely of the LADY'S FRIEND, or partly of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, if desired.

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, (postage paid by us,) twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen numbers will be sent on the receipt of fifteen cents, *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

☞ The dry goods trade is fairly active, but lower prices are accepted for most styles of goods. Domestics are tending downward, and some qualities are being retailed at 35 cts. per yard, which were firm a short time back at 50 cts. wholesale. The production of goods is steadily overtaking consumption and prices are not strong.

THE EPIDEMIC IN PARIS.—In Paris, the Emperor and Empress of France have been winning golden opinions by the course they have pursued. Both have visited personally the cholera hospitals, in order to set an example of moral and physical courage to their subjects, and have contributed large sums for the relief of the sick.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S FINE CLOTHING.—This establishment, located at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets, and familiarly known as "Oak Hall," is probably the largest and best-conducted ready-made Clothing and Merchant Tailoring house in Philadelphia. Their superior styles, excellent workmanship and moderation in prices have made their house deservedly popular. In their custom department, where elegant garments are made to order, none but the very best artists are employed, and the fine assortment of materials to select from enables every one to be well suited. oct 14-3m

ALL WHO DRESS THEIR HAIR WITH
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
Pronounce it *perfect, and the only known Restorer of Color and Hair Dresser combined.*

	"London"	Gray	"Hair Color."	
In	"London"		"Hair Color."	It
	"London"	Hair	"Hair Color."	
XLNO	"London"		"Hair Color."	is
	"London"	Changed	"Hair Color."	not
	"London"		"Hair Color."	
IXL.	"London"	without	"Hair Color."	a
	"London"		"Hair Color."	
	"London"	dyeing.	"Hair Color."	dye.
	"London"		"Hair Color."	

MAKES THE HAIR SOFT, GLOSSY AND LUXURIANT. KEEPS THE SCALP CLEAN, COOL AND HEALTHY.

Price 75 cents per bottle, or $6 the half dozen. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. sep2-eowtf

$20 G. & S. CRYSTAL D. P. $20.

$1000 A year can be realized gilding and putting up the Crystal Door Plate. Agents wanted. Stock, Tools, and Instructions cost $20. L. L. TODD & CO., 39 Nassau St., N. York.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

sep30-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. DANIEL W. GRABBY to Miss HANNAH M. HOUSEKEEPER, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. JOHN SAVAGE, Jr., to SARAH, daughter of Jas. Carpenter, Esq., both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, WILLIAM KLETT to GERTRUDE C. STEWART, both of this city.

On the 29th of Oct., by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, JAMES P. GRESLER to LOUISA WHITE, both of this city.

On the 9th of March, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. CHARLES W. LEISTER to Miss ISABELLA B. WESTCOTT, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. W. H. Hare, Mr. RICHARD TURPIN, Jr., of Sacramento, Cal., to Miss ELLEN E., daughter of the late Wm. R. Cash, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Baltimore, Md., Nov. 3d, 1865, JOSEPHINE AUGUSTA, daughter of Eleanor and the late Samuel Wright, of Philada., and wife of Alonzo Lilly, Jr., of Baltimore. Another of the beautiful of earth, in the bloom of youth has passed away; one who was loved by all who knew her.

On the 14th instant, WASHINGTON L. LANE, in his 52d year.

On the 14th instant, JACOB JACKSON, in his 86th year.

On the 14th instant, Mr. ROBERT BROWN, in his 71st year.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. MARY M., wife of Dr. C. A. Ogden, in her 37th year.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. MARGARET MATHIAS, in her 76th year.

On the 10th instant, MARTHA HURST, in her 73d year.

On the 13th instant, THOMAS M. ZELL, in his 49th year.

EYRE & LANDELL, 4TH AND ARCH,
Established in 1840. Family Dry Goods Store.
FULL STOCK OF FALL GOODS.
SHAWLS OF ALL KINDS.
DRESS GOODS, FULL LINE.
MEN AND BOYS' WEAR.
BLANKETS, SHEETINGS, DAMASKS, &c., &c.
mar18-1y

THE LAND BEYOND THE RIVER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LEILA LINDEN.

We are told of a land that is wondrous fair,
Where there's no sorrow nor sighing;
A land that is free from all anguish and care,
Where there's no parting nor dying.

A land where the worn and the weary can rest,
Where there's no woe and no weeping;
Where the Saviour has gathered the saints to His breast,
Safe, safe in His keeping.

No pain, and no sickness or weariness there,
No bitter deceiving;
No words of unkindness where all is so fair,
No sin and no grieving.

No clouds and no tempests to darken the skies,
No days dark and dreary;
No tears ever gather in sorrowful eyes,
No hearts sad and weary.

The land where the rivers of crystal flow on
Forever and ever!
Where the sanctified souls sing their glorious songs,
Where God is the giver
Of light and of peace, of joy and of rest,
Where His jewels are gathered like lambs to His breast.

TWO CHAPTERS OF LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"WOOED AND WON."

"What the deuce has come over you, Llew.?" and the speaker, a fair man, with a bright honest face, pitched down his fishing-tackle, and seized the tiller of the boat. "You don't want to try whether it is true that waters cannot quench love?"

"I wish you'd not make such a confounded fool of yourself," replied the other, sulkily, getting red in the face, and showing temper in the tremble of the upper lip. The fair man gave him a quick glance, and then pulling his cap over his eyes, lay down on his back, saying presently, 'Example is better than precept;' at least, the copy-book I used in my childhood had it so. You are in love; I have never been; you are evil-tempered, bad company, and inclined to be quarrelsome. Ergo, love is to be avoided by those who desire to live at peace with their fellow-men. Then suddenly changing his voice and lifting himself up, he said: "Let's have a pull, Llew., the tide is on the turn, and will bring us in again; an hour's stretch will put your digestion in better order."

His companion, although he made no verbal answer, set about doing what was required of him; he rolled up his line, lighted a fresh cigar, and took to his oar keenly if not kindly. They pulled straight out for the matter of a couple of miles, neither breaking silence, then they paused, and Llew., looking a little ruffled, said:

"I say, Charley, I'm in a deuce of a temper; you shouldn't *try* to rile me, especially about you know what. I have got myself into a mess, and—and, the fact is, I mean to marry Alice in spite of them all."

"The deuce you do! then it's worse than I expected. What do you mean to keep a wife upon?"

"I'll emigrate."

"No you won't. It costs money, you see."

"I'll take a private tutorship."

"But they won't take your wife too. I'll tell you what you'll do: you'll drop the affair altogether. Seriously, you cannot afford to marry. Alice's father is a sensible old fellow; he won't have anything to say to you; he's as proud in his way as you are."

Llew. made use of an expression by no means complimentary to his intended father-in-law, and his adviser went on:

"Or put it in another way. Suppose you could have her, and made her Mrs. Derwin to-morrow—how about your new relations?—her people would be your people, you see."

"Stop that, Charley; I'm in earnest; I mean to marry Alice, and I mean to cut all her relations. Who was the parson you introduced me to at Tenby?"

"Cornish, an old Wadham man; he's got a curacy down in these parts somewhere, and is a capital fellow across country, and not so bad at brewing punch."

"Would he come over here for a day or two?"

"I don't see why he should not; but, why? you don't want him to do the splicing, eh?"

"Yes, I do—"

"By Jove!" and Charley Shifner drew a long breath. "I hope you won't get angry, Derwin," he went on speaking very gravely, "but I'd rather not have anything to do with this; you are certain to repent it sooner or later. Not that Alice is not a good and pretty girl; I believe she's all that, old fellow; but it's her friends. And then your uncle, he'd put a spoke in your wheel at once. I wish you'd be reasonable. Let's cut away to-morrow; come, there's a good fellow; she's a dear little body, and it will be a wrench, you know, but better a scar than an open wound."

Charley spoke from his heart, and with a sincere feeling of anxiety for his friend; but then he had never been in love, and forgot that reason has sometimes very little to do with the tender passion. He paused, thinking his argument too clear not to take effect, and then, as Llew. did not answer, he held his peace, mentally comforting himself with the reflection that his words had told,—and—that his friend was thinking of them. They rowed leisurely in, dipping their oars slowly and quietly, the tide doing most of the work for them; just as the keel grated against the beach, Derwin said:

"We'll start to-morrow, Charley."

"That's a good fellow," and all the clouds passed away from Charley's face; "you'll never regret it."

"I don't intend to," was the reply uttered in rather ambiguous tones; and then landing, the two men shouldered their tackle, fish and rugs, and mounted the hill to the little inn, where they had taken up their quarters a month before, with the intention of reading hard, an intention Shifner kept up as far as the Field and Bell's Life were concerned, while Derwin might very soon have made personal application of Byron's lines,—

My only books were woman's looks;

the blue eyes, fair face, and light form of a neighboring farmer's daughter having effectually banished all other power of study.

A few hours later, Derwin pretending to go to bed, bade good night to his friend, and took his way out of the house, along the path leading to the castle, which, rising grimly against the moonbeams, was throwing mysterious shadows upon the hill-side. Not a breath of air moved the leaves or grass, or disturbed the surface of the river, down which, it being full tide, the stream was just keeping up a moving rain of silvery sparkles in the centre of the broad bosom of the water. There were very few people stirring at that hour; the villagers worked hard and early, and went soon to bed in those days, and the country folks, who, after the manner of the Welch, came down to bathe, saw no beauty in evening lights. So it was that Mr. Derwin had the castle road to himself, and having passed through the fir-wood and reached the open path upon the south side of the hill, he walked more slowly, pausing, and turning to look back now and then, as if in expectation of seeing some one. At last, reaching the steeper part of the hill, he sat down upon the grass, and whistling softly, gazed over Carmarthen bay, lying quiet and lake-like between him and the dark mountainous outline of Gower's land. The moon was full that night, and hung low in the blue heaven, casting a broad glistening path of light across the water, along which one solitary fishing-boat was gliding, the oars throwing showers of fiery sparks as they dipped in the water. It was very lovely, very peaceful and holy, but Derwin was only looking at, not thinking of it; he scarcely knew whether it was land or water, moonlight or daylight. Presently a quick, light step came along the turf, and Alice Morgan stood by his side.

"You are shaking, darling," her lover whispered, as he held her hand, and gazed into the sweet eyes, growing unnaturally large and bright in contrast to her pale frightened face.

"Yes, surely; Mr. Shifner was talking to father, and they were saying you are to go to-morrow;" she looked round at him fixedly for a second or two, then lifting away his arm from her waist, she rose, saying in a loud, hard voice,—"And it's true, indeed then, and I might have known it all along. God forgive you for deceiving my heart, but it's me that's been foolish and blind. Yes, indeed, I knew you were a gentleman like the rest of them, but I thought I could read love and truth in your eyes."

Derwin had let her talk on, partly because he was tempted just for the moment to take Shifner's advice, partly because in her vehemence and despair there was a new spell and power in her beauty, and partly because it was pleasant to hear how the very passion she gave way to told of her love; but when she paused, with a long sobbing gasp for breath, he held out his arms, whispering:

"Alice, my beloved, you are coming with me."

She clasped her hands together, and bent forward as if to read his face, whispering in a low husky voice—

"God forgive you. Why are you tempting me?"

"It's no temptation, Alice, I swear," and as he spoke he sprang to his feet, and took her hands in his. "You shall be my wife, I never meant anything else. I have no one to stop me marrying whom I please; and you, darling—they'll never keep you from me."

Alice began to sob hysterically now: and shaking and crying, she clung to him, as he told her his plans, hopes, and promises, which, as he was excited, Derwin poured forth vehemently, and, as far as the feeling of the moment went, truthfully.

He told her his future could present no difficulty, which, with her by his side, would prove unconquerable: life must be all love and happiness; its very hardships, tinged with the rosy hue, would look like blessings.

The moon rose higher and higher in the quiet sky, the silvery path was gone; inch by inch, the tide left the glistening sands, and Derwin still drew pictures of the time to come, of the world he was to show his wife, and Alice listened, nestling to his arms, and now and then asking some question, which from the very insight it gave him into her simplicity and innocence, stirred still more deeply the better feelings of his heart, and gave just enough light of pure love to blind him to the passion that was hurrying him on.

When they parted that night Alice had promised to meet him at the nearest railway station upon the morning following his departure from Llandstephen, and they were to be married in London.

Derwin did not take his friend into his confidence. Probably a railway carriage is not conducive to secrets. Perhaps he was beginning to doubt the prudence of his scheme. Shifner's noisy college chaff and talk was bringing back other feelings, and he grew more and more absent and nervous.

They reached Tenby in time for dinner, and Shifner, misinterpreting his friend's cloudy spirits, concluded that after all, if love could take such a hold upon a man like Derwin, it must be a still more desperate thing than he, Charles Shifner, had even imagined. There was only one cure he knew of, and that was to drown dull care; therefore he ordered a capital dinner, and persuaded Llew. to try a peculiar combination of liquids, brewed in a special manner, concocted by a famous granduncle of Shifner's. But his experiment failed, Derwin pronounced it atrocious, and drank mildly of whiskey-punch; so that Shifner, out of veneration for his uncle's memory, did more than his duty to his own manufacture, and found it expedient to retire about midnight, assuring the waiter that he was going to be married next day to the maid of Llangothlen.

As soon as Shifner was safely out of the way, a dog-cart was ordered, and Mr. Derwin, leaving an explanatory note in the coffee-room, was driven off to the station, whence he proceeded to the appointed rendezvous, where, veiled and frightened, Alice stood almost alone upon the platform, waiting for the train.

CHAPTER II.

"LOVED AT LAST."

As soon as their marriage was duly solemnized, Alice wrote to her parents; but no answer came; again and again she covered sheets of paper with petitions for pardon, but they all fell, or at least seemed to fall, unheeded, and at last she gave up writing, or speaking of her old home, trying hard to give up thinking too. But thought is not so easy of control, and many a bitter tear ran down the young wife's cheek in the silent watches of the night; tears that, alas! soon began to have a two-fold meaning, for already the spell was breaking. College terms had begun again, Derwin had taken his wife with him, and domiciled her carefully out of the way of the usual haunts of the college-men. He had encountered Shifner, and a somewhat stormy altercation had been the result; Charley's code of honor and Mr. Derwin's not exactly agreeing; so that when his old friend did his duty, (all honor to him, a very painful one,) and called upon the bride, he knew very well by whose orders she was "not at home," and never repeated the experiment.

No one else called; for, although it was pretty well known that Derwin had married, he never spoke of it, or in any manner acted like a married man; and his friends resented this want of cordiality by pretending to ignore his marriage, the boldest now and then taking their revenge by chaffing him about his caged beauty.

And yet, though acting with such false pride towards his acquaintances, Derwin was not as yet an unkind husband; the gloss of first love had not worn off, and Alice was all that man could desire in a wife. The first vacation they went to a south coast bathing-place, and there the trials that were afterwards to crush out every hope and joy began. Derwin met some old friends, and did not introduce his wife,—they were sure to patronise, and then laugh at her and him, he reasoned to himself; therefore he determined to leave the place, but not before he had promised to spend a fortnight with his friends at their country place. The prospect was a pleasing one. So he took Alice to London, and leaving her in lodgings, went to fulfil his engagement.

He had told her he would be a fortnight away, but the fortnight became four, five, then six weeks, and there had come neither letter nor tidings; and although horrible visions of railway accidents and sudden death in every imaginable form filled Alice's mind, she still waited, and dreading lest she might act contrary to her husband's wishes, or offend against the customs of the world, she made no inquiry. At last a new trial came upon her, she was without money; the landlady grew, first impatient, then suspicious, and finally turned Alice out, upbraiding her with disgracing her house.

Alice was bewildered; there seemed only one alternative, and that was to go to Derwin's uncle's house, the address of which she fortunately remembered, and there obtain some intelligence of her husband.

The man-servant looked at her rather suspiciously as she asked whether he knew where Mr. Derwin had gone, and half closed the door as he replied—

"Yes, ma'am, he's gone to Australia; his uncle got him an appointment, and he sailed three weeks ago, all of a hurry; hadn't time to leave any P. P. C.s."

How Alice bore the intelligence—how she concealed the death stroke, and managed to walk quietly away from the eye of the curious domestic—was one of those mysterious feats of self-command now and then accomplished by those whom the world looks on as the weakest—women. The shock, though it fell suddenly, had struck deep into her heart; she never doubted its truth; something catching at her heart, and throbbing in her brain told her it was even as the man said, and that he was gone. But why? wherefore had he not seen her—written to her? what business could have been urgent enough to drag him away without giving him space to bid her farewell? Very, very slowly she began to see the truth.

Wandering aimlessly from street to street, unconscious of time, and startling night revellers with her ghastly face and despairing eyes, she passed the night; and when morning dawned, cold, misty, and, in the great deserted streets of London, indescribably lonely, she began fully to comprehend the weight and depth of her husband's villany, and her own desolation. Deserted by him for whom she had disobeyed and left her father and mother—what could she do? Suddenly the commandment she had broken flashed upon her, "Honor thy father and thy mother, and thy days shall be long in the land." She had dishonored them, why should her days be prolonged? surely it was God's will that they should not be long; death would come soon, and if it did not come of itself, could she not seek it?

Starting up from the doorstep upon which she had half fallen, she walked hurriedly down the street, remembering that but a short time before she had passed a bridge, below which ran the broad, dark merciful road to death, and crouching by the parapet, she tried to say her old childish prayers, the same she had repeated at her mother's knee. Her mother! what was there in the word to cause such a thrill through the girl's frame, and send a wild sensation of life and tenderness pulsing in her veins?

Tears came rushing from her eyes, and bitter sobs mingled with the half wild, but wholly penitent prayer:

"God forgive me if I thought of murdering my unborn baby, and spare me strength for its sake."

Poor people of every degree seem to cheat themselves into a belief that London is the very El Dorado of work and wealth—that you have but to say "Give me work," and employment stands ready. Alas! how many an aching heart, how many starving lips have mourned, too late, the terrible delusion!

Alice begged from house to house for work, and at last, wearied by disappointment, and conscious that her woman's time of trial was coming, she sought the last refuge of the homeless, and the baby, whose life had saved her life, was born in the lying-in ward of a city workhouse.

As soon as Alice was able, she left the union, and by the help of one of the nurses, obtained work in shirt-making for a cheap out-fitting shop, badly paid enough, and requiring close sitting far into the night to make it bring in the barest livelihood; but work was no toil now; the tiny little creature, kicking and sprawling upon the floor beside her, gave her new energy; she was not stitching for her own life, but for the life of the child of whom God in His inscrutable wisdom and wise mercy had made her mother. As months passed into years the child throve and grew; Alice worked harder and harder, early and late, but with a new sense of enjoyment and life springing up in her heart,—a sort of vague fore-shadowing that the child would somehow restore the husband of her youth, and bring back her past happiness.

Eight years had gone by since Derwin left her, when in passing a newspaper shop she stopped to pick up some torn scraps of paper, thinking there might be something to read to her boy. Almost the first name that met her eyes was that of her husband; it formed part of a sentence something about a death, and the succession of an unlooked-for heir. Staggering rather than walking into the shop, Alice pointed to the words, and asked the man if he could get her a newspaper with the paragraph complete. The man happened to be good-natured, and seeing the woman's distress, took some pains to hunt up a paper of corresponding date. Armed with this Alice hurried home, and there read a curious story, the story of her husband's life, the portion mixed up with herself only left untouched; the first part she knew, but the part dating from his departure for Australia, was all new. He had, it seems, succeeded at first; and then by one of those crushing strokes of Providence, his good fortune had deserted him, all his newly-acquired wealth was swallowed up by unlucky speculations, everything he put his hand to failed, when, reduced to beggary, he left the colony and returned to England, there to find himself next heir to one of the finest estates in Wales. Thither he had gone, welcomed and received as a sort of hero, and worshipped for the very troubles he had known.

"Has he ever sought me?" was Alice's first thought, as after reading the story nearly, a dozen times over, she laid down the newspaper. "Has he tried to find me?"

Then she remembered how fruitless such a search would be. Who knew her? How could he trace her? She must write, and tell him where she was, and how she had suffered. So write she did, not once, but many times, hope growing fainter each time. No answer came, and there seemed but one thing left—to seek him out, and give him up his child, then hide herself away and die. Despair gave her renewed energy, and supported her during all the long weary journey; when footsore, hungry, and weary, she begged from cottage to cottage for the food and shelter necessary to support life; at last the trial was drawing to a climax; she heard the old familiar tongue again, and fancied every voice was that of an old friend.

But when she saw the house he had inherited, her heart sunk. How dare she, a beggar in rags, go up to that stately home and claim the master as her husband? In all her trouble and anxiety, no thought such as this had entered her mind; now it came with overwhelming force, crushing down every ray of hope. Irresolute, she stood by the lodge-gate, then turned away, only however to return, and gaze wonderingly again.

The lodge-keeper came out, and she hid her boy's face in her shawl; then convinced, motherlike, that to see the child's face once was to remember him for ever, she took him down the road, and bade him wait for her, and went back alone to question the old woman; but the gates were closed, and as she stood uncertain whether to ring or not, the quick trot of a horse upon the gravel of the avenue caught her ear; peering through the iron bars of the gate it needed no second glance to tell her that the rider was her husband; and then, utterly powerless, deaf, blind, and only conscious that he was coming to her there, and that they were to meet, she stood clinging with both hands to the gate.

The lodge-keeper, hurrying out, thrust her angrily away, and as one side of the heavy iron gate swung open, Alice's agony burst forth, and a long inarticulate pent-up cry came from her lips, as, her hold relaxing, she fell almost under his horse's feet.

Derwin had seen the white face through the bars, and knew it again as instantly; and as he sat there, apparently waiting the opening of the gate, a thousand old long-buried feelings welled up, and beat fiercely at his heart. He saw himself in his true light; he knew he had been a blackguard—that the death-like face staring at him with such wild eyes might for all he knew be that of a mad woman, more, a mad wife, wrecked, maddened by his crime. He dared not recognise her, and he dared not pass her; fascinated and spell-bound, he heard her cry, and knew it was his name that rang out like an appeal to an avenging God. Then he saw the old lodge-keeper kneel down by her, and heard her cry out that the woman was dying in a fit.

Slowly and mechanically Derwin got down from his horse, and helped to carry the body into the lodge. As they did so, the child came running up, and throwing his arms round his mother, began crying piteously. Derwin's self-control was leaving him now, and fearful lest he might betray himself, he despatched the woman to the house for wine, and locking the cottage door, stood looking at her whom a few years before he had left in the pride of youth and beauty. Derwin was not such a hardened villain as he tried to make and think himself; like many another nature, so long as you kept out of his sight the misery or pain he was causing, he could go on in his own selfish, heartless course; but once bring him face to face with the sight of his crime, and the devil was cast out of him. No thought of his deserted wife had ever materially disturbed the newly-made squire's thoughts, until he kept that watch by what seemed her death-bed, and then he knew what he was and what he had done.

So absorbed had he been for a few minutes that he forgot the boy, when he did think of him, he stared long and inquisitively at the child's face, his own features gradually softening and growing strangely like his former self as he gazed.

"What is your name?" he asked hoarsely, and making an effort to speak calmly.

"Llewellin Derwin," replied the child.

A shock passed over the man's face; all strength, self-possession and control were swept away, and as the words, "My God forgive me!" burst almost unconsciously from his lips, big tears welled up, and blotted out the wondering face of the little boy.

Some of us may remember how, after a season of intense anxiety, sleep has fallen upon us, sleep—or rather a trance—during which the drama of illness, death, or danger, we have just escaped, or suffered, is reacted, and realized in its most dreaded shape; we may remember how we awakened from that sleep, our heart quivering with agony, and our eyes too wild to weep;—awakened to find the whole a dream, to look up at the newly risen sun, and to recognize the very fruition of hope.

Something like this was that awakening of Alice. Her first conscious glance fell upon her husband's face, not as she had seen it in that terrible moment when she fainted, but as she had prayed to see it. There was no talk of pardon, or reproach; Alice silenced both. Both had suffered; and although the loving gaze of the wife missed much from the care-worn face resting upon her hands, yet she saw deep in the eyes the love that was to brighten her future life, and enable her to forget the sorrow of the past.

I. D. FENTON.

A BROOM in Waltham, Mass., a few days ago expressed dissatisfaction at receiving a gift of a slice of bread, and plaintively remarked—"Can't you give me a piece of custard pie? I'm sick."

Gadall Gleanings.

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ERAW.

Aunty Scranton's Second Beau.

Now, Sook, while yer mother Cole's washin' up the dinner dishes an' rightin' up the kitchen we sh'll have a little time tew ourselves, so I'll take this opportoonity ter tell ye about my t'other beau.

That very same day 't Bijah Lawson come tew see me—'t was about mebby 4-o-clock in the arternoon—an' I'd got the carpets all packed away in camfire an' terbacker in the big blue chist up in the north addick bedroom—Bijah Lawson, you know, helped me to pack part on 'em—for you see the very fust thing 't I did about house-cleaning was ter take up all the carpets all over the house, an' shake 'em, an' clean 'em, an' darn 'em, sich as needed darnin', an' pack 'em all away nice in leaf-terbacker an' camfire, 'cause I think 't of the carpets an' beds in a house is well took care on that's the main chance. Wall, 't was that very day 't Bijah 'd been tow our 'us, an' 'twas a gittin' along towards night, an' I'd got what few furnitur an' things was left in the settin'-room kinder straightened out an' put ter rights, 'cause you know I had ter live in the settin'-room tew the last minute—wall, I'd got pooty tired an' a considerable hungry, so, thinks me, it's about teakettle time, an' I'll put me on a johnnycake an' make me a good strong cup-o'-tea, and have my supper right away. So I sot over the teakettle, an' got on the johnnycake, an' sot down before the stove an' hauled out my snuff-box, an' was jest a goin' ter take a pinch o' comfort, when, lo! an' behold! there come another thunderin' gret knock tew the front door. I rix up electerized. Says I tew myself, "that sounds for all the world jest like Bijah Lawson's knock. Has the gret fool come over agin as airly as this, thinkin' he'll spend the evenin'? But lor," says I, "he couldn't 'a got his chores did up yit. It can't be Bijah." So I hustled my snuff-box inter my pocket an' run ter the front door, an' opened it, an' of all folks in the world or out of it, who d'ye spose stood tew the door a waitin' tew come in? Jest guess if ye can, Sook. I know you can't, though, so I'll tell ye. Ef you'll believe me 't was Sampson Whipple, my old beau 't I was engaged tew 'fore I ever see yer par—that one 't I jilted the time 't I sot my cap fur Bennydad.

You remember 't his wife—the one 't he posted five or six year ago—Weltha Worden that was—up 'n died about three years ago; so Sampson he's ben a widderer ever sence; an' he's ben a gittin' along pooty well in the world tew. But Sampson hadn't never forgot my trick 't I played him, turnin' him off for yer par, an' we hadn't spoke when we met, not fur years, so you may guess how thunderstruck I was when I seen *him* a standin' tew the door.

Wall, Sampson was all smarted up, an' he was as perlite—he off with his hat an' made a perfound bow, an' put out his hand, an' looked as smiling as a basket o' chips, an' says he ter me, "How-de-dew, Widder Scranton." I couldn't help a wonderin', but I shook hands with 'im an' asked 'im to walk in, an' so on. He come in, an' I sot 'im a cheer by the fire, an' he sot down; an' says he, "Widder Scranton," says he, "I come ter ask ye ef—ef—" Here somethin' kinder stuck in his throat, an' he had quite a coughin' spell. Thinks me, "you hain't come ter pop the question, have ye? Ef ye have, it's one o' the seven wonders o' the world." But by this time Sampson had got his throat clear, so 't he begun agin.

"I come to ask ye, Widder Scranton," says he, "ef you're acquainted with one Nickerdemus Scranton; a man 't moved away out tew Michigan from here, say twenty or thirty year ago. He lives out where my son Joe has ben a livin'. My son Joe went off ter Michigan when he was quite a boy; an' he's ben smart, an' got rich; an' here not long sence he died," says Sampson, says he, "an' he hadn't never married, so' 's he hadn't no natral heirs, so his property has all fell ter me; an' this Nickerdemus Scranton was the man 't Joe a'p'inted administrator ter his estate when he died," says he.

"Law," says I, "that's all news ter me! When did Joe die?" says I.

"About four weeks ago," says he.

"An' died rich?" says I.

"Yes," says he, "my son Joe died wuth a hundred an' fifty thousand dollars," says Sampson, says he.

"An' left the hull on't tew you?" says I.

"Yes, the hull on't," says he, "'thouts some little bequests tew friends o' his'n."

"Then, Sampson Whipple," says I, "you're a *rich man*. A hundred an' fifty thousand dollars!" says I, "why you're richer, Sampson Whipple, then I ever thought o' bein', an' *I* call *myself* rich."

"Yes," says Sampson, says he, "that's the truth, widder. My son Joe was a smart chap. He made a sight o' money tradin' in Gover'ment lands. He was allers so bound up in business, I s'pose, was the reason he never got married," says he.

Wall, I was as perlite as I could be to Sampson; I made all sort of apologies about the carpet bein' up in my settin'-room, an' I hurried up my supper, an' sot on my best quince jelly, an' all my extra cake—you know, Sook, 't I gene'ly keep some baked up ahead, ter use in case of emergencies—an' as good luck would have it, though 't was so near my breakin' up time, I happened ter have part of a loaf o' nice fruit cake on hand. Wall, I put in a extra drawin' o' tea, an' got Sampson ter stay ter supper with me, an' we talked away quite sociable.

Sampson he said 't this here Nickerdemus Scranton had asked him ter inquire about here an' see of there was any o' his Scranton relation livin' here, as of there was, he wanted ter hear from 'em; an' we talked over all the Scrantons' 't we knew away back; and Sampson, he told me all 't that are Nickerdemus Scranton had writ about, who was his father an' gran'father, an' so on; an' we made out 't the man was third cousin tew yer par; an' Sampson 's a goin' ter write tew 'im about us. Sampson says 't this here Nickerdemus Scranton is rich tew—he was connected in business with Joe someway. I b'lieve he warn't exactly in comp'ny with 'im, but anyways they yuster have dealin's together, an' Joe made him his administrator, so Sampson said.

Wall, finely we got through drinkin' tea, an' I cleared the supper things away. I didn't wash the dishes not 'till the next mornin', Sook. An' it come on dark, an' I lit a candle, an' made everything as pleasant as I could for Sampson; an' he kep a stayin' till, finally it got ter be nigh on ter eight o'clock, when Sampson riz up an' said he guessed he must be goin'.

I tried ter git him ter stay longer, but he made a remark 't he guessed 't wouldn't dew. He said 't he was a widderer, an' I was a widder, an' folks must a' seen him come in, 'cause he come in broad day-light, an' there was no knowin' what folks might say, an' on the hull he guessed he'd better be goin'. Besides, he said there was his hoss had been a eatin' post-meest out tew the gate fur nearabouts four hours, an' he reckoned 'i was time 't he went hum with 'im an' fed 'im, an' put 'im up fur the night. Wall, at that, I begun ter make all manner of excuses about the hoss, 'cause I hadn't thought ter offer him any thing tew feed it with, but he smoothed it all over wonderful perlite. I tried tew git him ter feed the hoss with some Indian meal an' water; but no, he said the critter could wait 'till he got hum he guessed. Then I begun ter feel kinder bad an' lonesome about Sampson's goin'. The fact was, I *did* love Sampson Whipple a gret deal better 'n yer par—but I thort yer par was the richest, an' the smartest, so I jilted Sampson for him.

Wall, so I says ter Sampson, says I,

"Now I s'pose you wouldn't never a come here of it had'nt a bin tew inquire about that air Nickerdemus Scranton's relations."

"Why," says Sampson, says he, "you know we haint ben on speakin' terms not for years. But when I had so much good luck come tew me, I thought I couldn't refuse ter dew a good turn tew another man, even of he was a Scranton."

What's that, Sook? "Did he speak of it as good luck, his son's dyin'?" Of course he did. What a gret goose you be, Sook. Wan't it good luck ter have a hunderd an' fifty thousand dollars left tew him? Who wouldn't call it good luck?

What? "Then I'd be glad tew have you die, you s'pose, of I could on'y have yer property?" Sook, you dew make me mad! No, I don't desire ye ter die; but a body can't—Sook, come here quick, an' look out! There's Sampson Whipple out tew the front gate this very blissed minute. He's come here a purpose ter see me, I know he has. I thort he would call on me agin sune. We made all up afore he left our 'us that night; though, of course, he didn't exactly ask me ter have him *then*, but he *will* dew it yit, I'll bet.

How does my cap set? Be I fixed up enough ter see him, Sook; or had I better go'n change my dress?

What? Mebby he's come ter see yer mother Cole? No sich thing! Yer mother Cole! He'd see her hung fust! Ain't she as poor as Job's off ox? Sampson Whipple wouldn't marry a *poor* woman, not he?

There! he's a knockin' now! Let me run ter the door quick, 'fore yer mother Cole has a chanee ter come; an', Sook, do you go down the back stairs an' tell her Sampson Whipple 's come *a purpose ter see me;* an' don't ye nuther on ye come in an' disturb our tetytete. 'Sh! Stop yer laughin', Sook; he'll hear ye! 'Sh! sh! I tell ye!

YOU KNOW WHO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMMA M. CASS.

Dost remember the time, in the summer's sweet prime,
When down in the meadow of red and white clover,
Spattered with buttercups over and over,
Spattered with violets white and blue,
You went walking with—you know who!
Don't shake your ringletted head, I say,
In such a provokingly charming way!
Ye gods! how the color flies,
Don't hide your blue, blue eyes!
Say! don't you remember it; honestly—true?
You sweet little sinner, you know you do!

I could tell of a time in the summer's sweet prime,
When down in the meadow of red and white clover,
Some one begged you would take him for a lover;
Told you your eyes were like violets blue—
You mischief!—I guess *you* remember it, too.
Don't shake your ringletted head, I say,
In such a bewitchingly saucy way—
Ye gods, how the color flies!
Hiding your blue, blue eyes!
Oh, *wondrously* poor must your memory be
If you've forgotten that "*some one*" was—me!

LORENZO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EDITH BOLTON."

CHAPTER I.

Ah, what sunny days those were! As I call up the bright memories linked with them, I pause, in the midst of my present prosaic existence, to wonder whether I can really be the same person, who, with such wealth of spirits and enthusiastic enjoyment, started on a European trip with my friends Doctor and Mrs. Underwood. I had just left school and hailed with delight the prospect of gratifying my great longing to cross the ocean, and see for myself the treasures of art and wonders of nature, made doubly precious by the associations linked with them; of which I had read with such intense pleasure.'

When my school-friend, Harriet Elwyn, saw fit to marry a man nearly fifteen years older than herself—his hair slightly tinged with gray, and his whole appearance denoting that the first freshness of life had passed for him, whilst for her it was just beginning, I must confess that I thought she had made a terrible sacrifice in becoming Mrs. Underwood, and expressed myself to that effect in the exaggerated style of denunciation common to that period of existence. But when a year had rolled by, and I had come to know and value Dr. Underwood, as his high qualities and fine talents could not fail to make him known and valued, I saw what a hasty and erroneous opinion I had formed; and found myself very ready to accept his very kind invitation to make one of their travelling party, in a summer tour which he proposed making with his wife, my dear friend Harriet.

I do not propose at present to weary my readers with a school-girl's raptures; nor trouble them with extracts from the journal, which of course I kept most particularly, never allowing anything to interfere with the daily register of my experiences. I merely intend at present to note one little incident which interested me from a strange coincidence connected with it, and which a circumstance not worth recording here, has brought to memory to-night.

I have been sitting alone through this long rainy evening; my feet upon the fender, which encloses two half-burnt logs of hickory wood—not a cheerful, bright, companionable wood fire, infusing its own happy spirit into others—but a dull, smouldering affair, suggesting melancholy rather than merriment. And had it not been for the circumstance alluded to above, I should probably have fallen into a sad reverie, anything but beneficial either to myself or any friends with whom I might chance to come in contact for the next few hours.

Most fortunately, therefore, I find myself carried back through many long years, to a dark night in the Welsh mountains, where I see a travelling carriage—for in those days posting was the approved mode of travel—containing our party, Harriet, Dr. Underwood, and myself. We are very weary; we have been travelling rather more rapidly than usual, as we were anxious to reach the little village of Llangollen before nightfall, where we intend to sleep, but whether the distance has been miscalculated, or our last relay of horses of inferior order, I know not, but the shades of night, and of a very dark night, too, have settled down, and yet the journey is not accomplished.

We are usually a very merry, lively party, ready to take and make amusement out of everything which occurs—but at present a sense of fatigue has almost overpowered every other sense—even that of the ludicrous—and we have actually plodded on for some distance in perfect silence, when Dr. Underwood seems to feel it necessary no redeem the character of the party, and remarks, meditatively—

"Let me see—"

"A singular request," said I, rousing up, "on such a pitch-dark night." I have been wondering for some time past, how it was possible to drive at all—and concluded it must be done without sight."

"Let me see," continued he, apparently without having had his train of thought at all interrupted by my words; "yes, it must be fully twenty years since I travelled over exactly this same ground."

"Oh, Charles!" said his young wife, "I wish you wouldn't remember things that happened such an eternity ago. Why think of it! that was before I could walk."

"That may be," said he, laughing, "but it is nevertheless true, that at that precise time I was somewhere in this neighborhood—and we had rather a curious experience too."

"Oh do tell us!" we both exclaimed, "we have been so stupid for the last hour; anything to enliven us."

"I cannot promise that there is anything in it to enliven you; but it may keep you awake, possibly. You have heard me speak of my friend Allan Cuthbert?" said he, turning to Harriet.

"Oh, yes, very often; you know how sorry you were that he was not in London while we were there."

"Yes—the same. I was travelling with him at that time; his trip was for business; and he had persuaded me to accompany him. He was engaged in a very intricate law-suit, which he was determined to gain, as his client represented a very large interest, and his present object was to obtain some very important testimony from an old man, living somewhere in this part of the country; for I remember that it was a few hours from this very Llangollen that we are now striving to reach.

"We arrived just at sunset, at this quiet little cottage, in the heart of these mountains, where Cuthbert informed me that we should have to remain all night. I assured him that it was quite impossible that any testimony, except perhaps, that 'of the rocks,' could be gathered from such a sequestered spot; but after careful investigation, he had discovered that this old man could give him important aid in unravelling a knotty point in his case, and he had resolved to seek him out and obtain his information.

"I left him to introduce us, and make all the necessary explanations, while I wandered to a hill behind the house, to look at one of the most gorgeous sunsets which it has ever been my lot to witness. Nothing that I have ever seen of the far-famed Italian skies at all equalled it. Taking my seat on a rock, I became so absorbed in looking at it that I forgot the time, and suddenly found that night was closing in while I was still watching the last faint streaks of color gently die away."

"Why, Charles," said Harriet, "I never remember hearing of the sunsets in Wales, as being specially remarkable. The idea of your giving them the preference to Italian skies, celebrated all the world over! The thing is impossible."

"I can shock you still further, Hattie, and assure you that I have never seen anything in Italy to exceed, nor indeed to equal, the sunsets which we have watched together from your father's beautiful lawn at home.

"I have been in Italy, as you know, more than once—and have finally arrived at the conclusion that the praise awarded to the skies there, arises from the contrast between them and those of England, not of our own country. There is of course, a soft, tender light which has a beauty of its own; but I do not think it can compare with the magnificent color, or the flood of glory which the sun lavishes upon our own land, ere he says good-night."

"I have heard the same view expressed," said I, "by those who had spent much time in Italy. But I am anxious for the rest of your story."

"Oh, yes, go on," said Harriet, "I will not interrupt you again."

"As I entered the low door of the cottage, I found myself in a room which appeared to be at once kitchen, nursery and dining-room—for whilst the table was spread for a meal, the pot was boiling over a large fire of peat or turf, near to which stood a rough sort of cradle, in which a baby was sleeping, rocked gently by the foot of a woman who was vainly striving to quiet a child in her arms, apparently about two years old. She rose, as I entered, and pushing a seat towards me, informed me, in very good English, free from the Welsh accent, which a native of Wales rarely loses, that her husband and "the gentleman" were in the next room, engaged in business, and had begged that I would wait for them here.

"I have, as you know, Harriet always says," said he, turning to me, "a happy faculty of adapting myself to circumstances, but I must confess, that as I seated myself in this little Welsh cabin, with a dim light burning on the table, and a consciousness that my friend's business might occupy some hours, during which this poor woman and I were bound to entertain each other, the prospect was not a very bright one, and I almost repented that I had come. But there I was, and I determined to put the best face on the matter. My natural love for children came to my assistance, and as my sudden entrance seemed to have surprised the little fellow in her arms into silence, I had an opportunity of studying his face, which was a very remarkable one; and as I did so, I remember distinctly thinking to myself how utterly the child of that plain, poor woman upset all the theories of high birth asserting itself in the external appearance. Here was a case in point, a head of the richest dark curls, small, delicately cut features, an exquisitely clear, beautiful complexion, and a grand, glorious pair of black eyes, of which the most aristocratic parent might well have been proud.

"'What a magnificent boy!' said I. 'Come here, my fine fellow, and let me give you a toss in the air.' To my surprise, there was no answering chord in the mother's heart, or none expressed itself in her face at the praise of her little one, who sprang at once into my outstretched arms, and laughed merrily as I threw him up into the air.

"A deep groan startled me, apparently coming from the next room. The woman rose at once. 'She hears him,' said she; 'excuse me, sir, but would you have an eye to the cradle, till I come back?' and without waiting for an answer, she left the room.

"'This is a little too much,' thought I, 'to be brought up here to play child's nurse in a Welsh hovel. Hang Cuthbert! what can the fellow be about, neglecting me in this shameful manner.' But my meditations were speedily ended by the sudden return of the woman, saying quickly:

"'You wouldn't happen to be medical men, either of you gentlemen? She's dying, I think.'

"Remember, Hattie, this was twenty years ago, and I was a little prouder of the title to my name, which I had just gained, than I am at present; therefore, assuring her of my ability to help her, I followed her at once into the next room, with the child still in my arms, who, to my surprise, seemed to prefer remaining with me. But a glance at the bed which I was approaching explained my mistake, even before I felt the bound which the child gave, nearly springing from my arms. There lay his mother, and the indifference of the one whom I had looked upon as such, was made clear. The same delicately cut features, the same faultless complexion, the same rich dark hair, not curling as the child's, but forming a sort of frame, as it lay in heavy, disordered masses round a fair, girlish face, pinched and sharpened with extreme agony. All this I took in at a glance, and seeing there was no moment to be lost in questioning, I hastily handed the child to the woman, and sought to discover some means of relief for the intense suffering before me. A very few moments, however, convinced me that it was too late, and that no mortal aid could be of any avail. The simple remedies, which I felt sure were all that that the house would afford, were tried with little success, and advising the woman to remove the child, I offered to watch beside the sufferer, quite aware that the end was drawing near.

"As she withdrew, I felt, (although this was more in my line,) the strangeness of my position! and the evident mystery connected with the whole affair excited my curiosity and my deep interest. All my theories regarding high birth were instantly re-established, as I took that little hand, with its taper fingers, into mine, and tried to warm its deadly coldness; or brushed back the hair from that beautiful brow, as the convulsive movements of suffering dashed it over her face. She was entirely unconscious, or rather her mind seemed entirely gone, for occasionally her lips would frame a sentence of Italian, but without meaning or connection, and twice I caught the name 'Lorenzo.' I addressed her in Italian, but without any effect, and I saw that any such attempt must be vain."

"But her child," said Harriet, eagerly; "oh, why did you not try to make her recognize him?"

"I thought of that, and determined as soon as the convulsions passed over, to make the attempt. After I had been watching her for some time, I became conscious that the old man and Allan were standing by me, and the former was giving some long history in a low tone, but I was too much pre-occupied at the time to wish to hear it, and did not learn till much later the few facts known about the case."

CHAPTER II.

"Oh! Charles! dear Charles!" said Harriet, seizing her husband's arm, as the carriage gave a sudden pitch, almost overturning it.

"Take care, Morley, take care!" said Dr. Underwood; this dark night requires careful driving. Why, Hattie, what is it, darling, you are trembling all over?"

But instead of answering, Harriet leaned her head on his shoulder, and burst into tears. We were both startled, and tried for some moments in vain to discover the cause of her distress.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! Never mind me, I am so foolish," she said, at length. "I do not know what is the matter with me, but indeed I could not help it."

"I know very well what is the matter," said the Doctor; "it is all my fault. I was to blame in telling such a foolish little nervous thing such a story on such a night. Your imagination always so far outstrips the reality, that I suppose you have colored the picture for yourself with all sorts of horrors. I was very wrong, for I see that I have succeeded in upsetting you mentally, much more perfectly than Morley has in doing so physically."

"Oh, no!" said I, "I am sure, Dr. Underwood, that Harriet was as much interested as I was, and is as eager to hear the conclusion of your story."

"Which she certainly will not do to-night," said he in his quiet, decided way. "I have broken a rule this evening, Miss Dalton, which is, never to allude to any of my cases, and although this might have been termed an exception, it was a mistake, and had been better omitted."

"Don't say so, Charles!" said Harriet, recovering herself, "I must hear the rest; it was only that I was frightened, and thought we were going over;—and the night is so dark, and—and—oh, Charles! I do wish we would reach Llangollen!"

"A little more courage, and a little more patience, darling, and we shall soon be there," said he, soothing her, as though reassuring a frightened child; indeed his manner to her at all times was more that of a father to a petted child than anything else.

"Now, go on with the story. Mr. Cuthbert and the old man were standing by, talking in a low tone;—did the convulsions pass over, and did you bring the child to his mother?"

"Never mind that, Hattie, we will talk of something brighter. Miss Dalton, have you recovered from that mountain scramble of ours yesterday?"

"No! no!" said Harriet, "Jeanie don't answer him. You may as well tell us, Charles, for we shall be brooding over it the whole of the rest of the way, when a few words might satisfy our minds."

"That is true," said he, as though struck with the idea that it would be better to conclude the story in the fewest words;—much to my regret, as I was anxious to know every little detail. "There is very little more to tell; I watched by her through the night; she lingered till about dawn, when the terrible suffering passed away, and calmly and peacefully her spirit took its flight. Allan and I remained until after breakfast, when we were compelled to resume our journey, and from that moment to this I have never heard a single word from any of the parties. Now, little one, is your mind satisfied?"

"Oh, no! Charles, you know it is not; how horridly you tell it! I want to know everything, just as you were telling us before—did she rouse at all?—did she recognize her child?—who was she?—why was she there?—how?—"

"Stop, stop, Hattie, I cannot possibly answer so many questions. One at a time, if you please, if you must be answered. Just as the dawn was breaking, a calmness seemed to settle over her, and I thought it a favorable moment to try and rouse her, but I found it impossible, and then determined to see what effect the child's presence would have. At first even this failed utterly, and there was something inexpressibly touching to me in seeing that little dimpled hand playing with her disordered hair, his eye every now and then seeking mine, with a merry laugh, whilst his mother remained mute and unconscious—apparently perfectly insensible. Suddenly the child seemed to find something strange in the stillness and utter want of response, and, throwing himself on her breast, sent forth a piercing cry.

"It has been often said that the latest sound that can reach a mother's ear is one denoting the suffering of her child. So it seemed in this case. At that cry her arms instinctively folded themselves over her boy;—her beautiful hands clasping themselves together as though to shield him from harm, long as the power remained. I well remember with what difficulty that clasp was undone when all was over:—her eyes slowly unclosed, dark, large and lustrous, showing at once from whom her child had received his inheritance, and fixed themselves upon him with an expression of love and tenderness, as though

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.

SPLENDID ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS.

UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

MRS. BELLA Z. SPENCER having purchased an interest in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and Mr. EDMUND DEACON having retired from the paper, THE POST passes into the management of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT and ENERGY into its columns. The popular novelist,

EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "THE REFUGEES," "CLARA MORELAND," &c., &c.

has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett will begin a continued story in the first number of the New Year. It will be called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

This story will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

THE POST will be edited by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, who will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

SPLENDID LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS:

WILLIAM C. BRYANT,
Author of "Thanatopsis" and other Poems.
FLORENCE PERCY,
Author of "Rock Me to Sleep," &c.
MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,
Author of "This, That, and the Other."
STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD,
Author of "Eve Isle," &c.
MRS. HENRY WOOD,
Author of "East Lynne," &c.
MRS. A. D. F. WHITNEY,
Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," &c.
ELEANOR C. DONNELLY,
Author of "Gabriel Wilkie's Return," &c.
BELLA Z. SPENCER,
Author of "Ora," &c.
MRS. M. F. TUCKER.
VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,
Author of "Battle Fields of our Fathers," &c
MRS. ELIZA SPROAT TURNER.
AUGUST BELL,
Author of "Antagonisms," &c.
CLARA AUGUSTA.
Miss A. L. MUZZEY.
BEATRICE COLONNA.
Author of "Told by the Sun, &c."
MRS. MARGARET HOSMER,
Author of "The Morrisons," &c.
HARRIS BYRNE.
"COSMO,"
Author of "South American Sketches."
LILLIE DEVEREUX UMSTED,
MRS. MARY A. DENISON,
MARY J. ALLEN,
S. ANNIE FROST.
EMMA M. JOHNSTON.
MRS. H. A. HEYDON,
Author of "Margaret's Story," &c.
CLAUDE CLINTON, U. S. A.
SOPHIE MAY.
MRS. ANNA BACHE.
ANNIE F. KENT.
"AUNT ALICE"
FRANCES H. SHEFFIELD.
PHILA. H. CASE.
HARRIET W. STILLMAN.
CHARLES MORRIS.
LAURA J. RITTENHOUSE.
LIZZIE MATTHEWS.
IRENE BOYNTON.
Miss H. S. COREY.
LUCERN ELLIOTT.
AUTHOR OF "A BLASTED LIFE."
BARBARA JOHNS.
BELLE ST. AUBYN.
Miss A. FORRESTIER.
EDWIN R. MARTIN.
SARA J. RUMSEY.
T. J. CHAMBERS, &c., &c., &c.

All of the Departments of the paper will be filled—as far as possible—with

ORIGINAL MATTER.

The old friends of THE POST—some of whom have stood by it during the sunshine and storms of Forty years—will thus see that we are determined to be

UNSURPASSED BY ANY COMPETITOR;

and in view of these fresh and costly efforts and brilliant inducements, we trust to have their warm exertions in our behalf, and the

LIBERAL SUPPORT OF A GENEROUS PUBLIC.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we make the following liberal offers:—

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies of THE POST, one year, and the Sewing Machine, ... $70.00
2. Thirty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, ... 85.00
3. Forty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, ... 100.00

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then by sending on these subscriptions, and *Twenty Dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five Dollars. If she gets thirty subscribers and Seventy-five Dollars, she will only have to add *Ten Dollars* to the amount. While if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded.

The Clubs may be composed partly of subscribers to THE POST, and partly to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,	$2,50	Four copies, one year,	$8,00
Two copies, "	4,00	Eight copies, " and one to getter up of club,	16,00

Twenty copies, one year, and one to getter up of club, $35.00.

One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course the premium for getting up a Club may be either *one or the other*, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different post-offices.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

No. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors inserting the above, or condensing the material portions of it for their columns, shall be entitled to an exchange by mailing us a marked copy.

her whole soul went out in that one glance;—her lips moved. I bent forward and caught distinctly the words, '*Lorenzo mio.*' It was a final effort; it seemed as though the breath passed with these words, and all was still."

He paused. Very still were we too for some minutes; it seemed that he was going over in thought that strange experience, and we felt little inclined to disturb him. Rousing suddenly, however, he said:

"Harriet, my child, what have I been doing? Exactly what I did not mean to do; giving you all this sad story."

"What have you been doing? Gratifying my every whim as usual. I was bent upon hearing all that you have just told us, and now let us know what it all meant. Remember you have only answered one of my many questions."

"I can go very little further, although I will give you all that was told to me, which was of course all that was known on the subject. The night before our arrival, the woman, whose name I have forgotten, if indeed I knew it at the time, told me that one of those sudden and violent storms had come on to which mountain countries are subject, and as she was awake and up with her own child, there seemed to sound, as though borne on the blast, an echo of its cry. For some time she persuaded herself that this was fancy, but as the sound continued, the mother's heart within her forced her to rouse her husband, and induce him to search in the direction from which the cry came. He returned in a few moments, bringing the child which I have told you of, and saying that he must return for its mother, who was lying at the foot of the very hill at the back of the house, from which I had watched the sunset.

"He told his wife that the woman was either dead or had fainted from exhaustion, and that she must prepare a place for her at once. The small accommodations of the cottage required that the the dining-room should be turned into a chamber, which had been instantly done. 'My heart went out to the poor young thing,' said she as she was giving me the account, 'for I thought she came from my own dear home, bonnie England, and I warmed to her and the little one.'

"'Ah, you are English?' I said. 'That accounts for your not having the Welsh accent; which surprised me at first.'

"'Yes, sir, from Lancashire, and—'

"'But what made you think she came from England?' said I knowing that every lineament bespoke the native of a tropical clime.

"'I think it was her beauty, sir. I've seen no such faces as those of my own dear home since I left it, and that gave me a kind of feeling to her.'

"I could not of course disturb this faith in her home, though I marvelled, as I often do, at its strength and power. She went on to inform me that she had administered restoratives, and had the satisfaction of seeing her patient rally under her treatment, 'but I think she was crazy,' he added, 'for she only talked a queer kind of gibberish, and seemed half frantic like, that we couldn't make it out. She kept clasping her hands and wringing them, and then starting up in bed—she was too weak to be out of it—she would burst out crying and point to the child. All the next day she seemed to get worse, and be too ill to notice much till you came;—you know the rest.'

"I understood very easily that her Italian had seemed '*gibberish*' to the uneducated ear, but how deeply I regretted that I had arrived too late to hear that poor mother's story, and perhaps to give comfort to her aching heart. Now, nothing could be known;—how or why she had come;—how she could have been travelling alone, unprotected and unfriended, whilst her dress, as well as that of the child, betokened means. The whole matter was shrouded in the deepest mystery, and so we were compelled to leave it."

"But, surely, Charles, you heard some explanation later," said his wife, "you cannot mean that you never heard anything further?"

"Never, to this hour, I returned home in a few months, and in the pressure of other matters, the whole thing was very nearly forgotten."

"But," said I, "did you never write to Mr. Cuthbert? I should have supposed that being so much nearer than you were, he might have found out some particulars."

"I did mention it in several letters soon after my return, but always received the same answer, that he knew nothing—"

A short, sharp scream from Harriet interrupted him, and this time we were really overturned, and piled one on top of another in the darkness. It took some little time to extricate us—to find that there were no bones broken, nothing but a few bruises—and to decide what was to be done in this dilemma; the latter by far the most serious part of the matter, for Morley informed us that the carriage was too much broken for us to think of proceeding, one wheel having come off from the fall. Here was an adventure, and perhaps had we been a little less weary, we might have extracted some amusement from the novelty of our situation; alone, on a dark night, in the midst of the mountains of Wales, with a broken carriage, and as far as we knew, no accommodation within miles, but Harriet, who always had an eye for the ludicrous—and certainly something of that element seemed to mingle with the utter forlornness of our position—had utterly lost her spirits, either from the story, or from her former fright, and clung helplessly to her husband, whose face wore an anxious, troubled air, as I watched it by the light of our travelling lantern, which our invaluable Morley had lighted, and which he was bringing to bear upon the wreck before us. As he stood gazing upon it, I could read in his face that the case was a hopeless one, and that we must look in some other quarter for assistance.

"Cheer up, Harriet," said I, "don't you remember how we used to fancy at school that we should like to camp out? Here is a fine opportunity, and yet you show no pleasure at the attainment of your desire."

A sickly attempt at a smile at my ill-timed pleasantry was her only answer; but here Morley came to the rescue. He had formed himself into a scouting party to the top of a neighboring hill, and returned to assure us that there was a cottage with a light in one of the upper windows, apparently within a short distance, where we might find quarters for the night if the ladies could walk that far.

My spirits rose with the emergency, and I joyfully consented to make the experiment; but as my eye fell on Harriet's pale, weary face, I hesitated, and turned inquiringly to Dr. Underwood. I read no sign of hesitation or indecision in his face. He gave his directions to Morley to follow with the horses, and collected our shawls, travelling bags, &c., and placed them in the carriage, then turning to me, said:

"Now, Miss Dalton, if you think you are equal to the effort."

"I? oh, I am equal to anything, but Harriet seems so weary."

He said nothing, but walking over to the rock where she was seated, raised her slight form in his arms, as though she had been a baby, and walked off with her, in spite of her most strenuous protestations.

I find, in looking over my journal, a most minute and detailed account of this mountain walk, which proved a far more serious undertaking than it had at first imagined, but I need not give those particulars here; enough, that after many a fall, and many a halt to rest the doctor's severely taxed strength, we found ourselves actually at the cottage door seeking admittance.

CHAPTER III.

The light which had been our beacon, and which I had repeatedly consoled the party, by declaring a "Will-o'-the-wisp," shone from an upper window at the back of the house, and making our way to what appears to be the front, we knock loudly.

No answer.

We knock once more—and once more all is silent.

Again. And now, we are evidently heard; there is a commotion within, and a light is seen moving about. A few moments more, and a young man has opened the door, heard our story, and kindly welcomed us to such accommodations as the house affords.

Weary travellers are not over-fastidious, and the rude seats of the plain simple room into which he ushers us seem positively luxurious. He apologizes to us for his mother, whose health is feeble, and they are unwilling to disturb her, but "Bertie will be here in a few moments with something for us to take."

We listen to this with pleasure, and I for one am most anxious to see "Bertie," his sister, I at once conclude; I am not too weary to be much struck with the singularly handsome face and grace of manner of our host, so utterly at variance with all my preconceived notions of a Welshman. But look at the door and share my disappointment, as the said "Bertie" enters; a stout, merry, good-humored, rosy Welsh girl, without a trace of resemblance to her brother, either in form or feature. She bore in her hand a waiter, on which were bowls of whiskey and milk, a sort of rude milk-punch, made hot, which she presented to each of us in an awkward, shy way, with a large piece of a peculiar sort of bread or cake, apparently a "specialite" of the country. It seemed hard to me as I looked at her, that Nature should have distributed her gifts so unequally in one family, depriving the daughter of the house of every grace, only to lavish them more plentifully upon the son. Perhaps it may seem unnatural that all these points should strike me at such a moment; but the fact is, they were rather forced upon me by my position. Dr. Underwood had placed Harriet on a rude sort of settee, on entering, and was seated by her, whilst I had found rest on a curious *something* attached to the wall on the other side of the room, so that I was left to my own meditations.

In a few moments, our host—who had gone out to make arrangements for Morley and the horses—reappeared, with candles, and offered to show us to our chambers, which it struck me, would have been more appropriately, if less agreeably, done by Bertie. We were too tired, however, to make any remark upon this; and I remember little, until I was wakened by the bright rays of the next morning sun as it streamed through the one quaint little window which lighted my curious-looking sleeping-place.

On going down to the room we had left the night before, I encountered a new character in the drama; and to this hour I can never recall her bewildered expression, without the same inclination to laugh which then overpowered me. This was the old mother, for whom her son had apologized; they had not disturbed her, when we arrived, consequently she had not known anything of her unexpected guests. Her son had probably concluded that we would be late, and that he should have time to announce it in morning before we appeared—this, my early descent, had forestalled; and I could readily understand her amazement at seeing a perfect stranger apparently at home in her house, at that early hour.

I endeavored to account for the intrusion in as few words as possible—but she interrupted me at once.

"Ah! you have come to the wedding. You must forgive an old woman, honey, for being so forgetful. I did not mind this was the day."

"The wedding," said I, "who is to be married to-day—your son or your daughter?"

"Yes, dear, they told me last night I mustn't forget it was this evening; but you see I did."

"But which is it?" said I, rather hoping it might be the handsome son. "Is it your son or your daughter?"

"Yes, dear, my son and my daughter."

"Ah, indeed! Both of them to be married in one day; a double wedding is something a little uncommon. I hope their choice is agreeable to you?"

But this seemed to be beyond her comprehension, and she gave me a vacant stare, as she said,

"What was it the lady said?"

I varied the question to make myself more intelligible.

"Who are they going to marry? I hope you like the persons they have chosen?"

"Who are they going to marry, did you ask? Each other, of course; who else? haven't they loved each other all their lives?"

"Your son and your daughter?" said I, completely bewildered.

"Yes, dear, my son and my daughter, Lorrie and Bertie."

At this instant, I heard my name called, and looking up, saw Dr. Underwood standing outside of the window, beckoning to me.

"Are you inclined for an early stroll, Miss Dalton? I see you have been tempted down, like myself, by the magnificence of the scenery."

I gladly assented, and joined him at once, delighted to have the exquisite enjoyment of watching the early morning light on those grand mountain ranges.

I related to him my encounter with the old woman, informing him that as she was evidently in her dotage, I was not surprised that her son had not wished her to appear last night. Dr. Underwood was much amused with my account, and after discussing it for some minutes, we came to the conclusion that there was no wedding in the case, and he laughed at me, for having supposed it a reality.

"Miss Dalton," said he, "do you believe in the transmigration of souls?"

I looked up at him to catch his meaning.

"I am at a loss," continued he, "how otherwise to account for that singular feeling which, I think, all must at some time have experienced, of being perfectly familiar with a place which we could never have seen before,—for instance, I have a vague sense of recognizing everything about me here, which has been puzzling me all the morning, for, of course, I have never seen it."

"I perfectly understand the feeling; it is one that I have had myself so often, that I have finally settled the matter in my own mind, by deciding that I had visited such places in dreams, and that the outward eye recognized and confirmed the mental vision."

As I spoke, however, an idea flashed into my mind, and turning to him suddenly, I said,

"Are you quite sure, Dr. Underwood, that you never were here before?"

"Quite sure;" he began, but as he looked at me, he read my thought in my face; "it cannot be, and yet—"

"It would indeed be a strange coincidence," said I, "and yet that young man is no Welshman, and you told us your visit was twenty years ago."

"That is worth investigating," said he, "perhaps the old woman may not be in her dotage after all."

"Ah, here is Harriet," said I, as a turn in the road brought us suddenly to the cottage once more, where she was standing in the doorway watching for us; "how delighted she will be at the little romance we have been getting up for her amusement."

She came bounding towards us, refreshed by her night's rest, quite herself again, and looking so very pretty, that I could not wonder at the admiring smile with which her husband regarded her.

"A pretty pair of runaways," said she, with a bright smile, as she came up to us; "I have been watching for you, till I am quite tired. I was in such a hurry to tell you the good news. Morley has just been in to say, that with the aid of our host, they have put the carriage in travelling order, at least so as to be safe till we reach Llangollen; and he advises as early a start as we can conveniently make—as he says this delay may derange our plans for next week."

"I thought of that last night," said the doctor, "and am very glad to hear what you say. Certainly, I agree with Morley; we should start as soon as possible. But breakfast must come first."

We then told her our idea, with the grounds we had for entertaining it. She entered into it warmly, was convinced it must be so, and most eager to go in search of the old woman, and see what we could find out from her. Dr. Underwood was more anxious to talk with the young man, and see what he could extract from him; but we both thought the old woman might remember what had passed at that time better than what had occurred later, and it was at least worth testing whether there was any truth in our conjecture.

As we entered the house, Bertie came forward and invited us to a very comfortable breakfast, to which our mountain appetites did full justice. We saw nothing, however, of either the mother or the son, Bertie alone remaining to wait on us. Harriet whispered to me to ask her some leading question, but I almost hesitated from the uncertainty I felt as to whether there was any truth in her mother's words. When the meal was concluded, however, and Dr. Underwood went out to see Morley, and make the final arrangements, I ventured:

"Have you always lived up in these mountains, Bertie?" A bashful blush and a nod of her head was my answer, as she took up the corner of her apron and put it in her mouth.

"Just alone with your mother and your brother?"

The apron is vehemently bitten, the blush increases, but no answer, although I detect a smile, which tells me that were Bertie only a little more at her ease, she would have something to confide to us.

"He is your brother, is he not?" said I, by way of plunging deeper into the subject.

Rash question! She made a spring for the door, caught her foot in the tablecloth, stumbled, recovered herself, and dashed out of the room.

"So much for asking impertinent questions," said Harriet, laughing.

"I should like to know who put me up to asking them?"

"But, Jeanie," said she, "won't it be dreadful if Charles is not more successful? If he is not I shall take the matter into my own hands, for as to going away without finding out—that I could never do. But come, Charles told us to have everything ready to start."

We hastened up stairs, finished our packing, and just as I had seated myself, almost breathless from my violent efforts to close a refractory trunk, Harriet came flying into the room, saying:

"'Tis all true, and I bring you an invitation to the wedding. I am crazy to stay, but Charles says it is impossible, without breaking up all our plans."

"But, Harriet, do tell me about it all. How—"

"Not now, dear, they are coming for our trunks, and it will make a pleasant story as we drive. I will make Charles tell you every word just as he told me."

"But is it actually so? It seems just one of those things which, if we read in a book, we should say 'how perfectly unnatural!'"

"Yes, that is the beauty of it. Don't you want to write a novel, and call it 'The Mystery Unravelled?' But the worst of it is that the mystery is not unravelled."

"Oh, Harriet! I thought you said it was."

"Only a part of it. But here is Charles—let him tell you now, if he will. Charles, Jeanie is dying to know it all. Have you time, before they come for our trunks?"

"Oh, yes. I find Morley has not had his breakfast yet, and we must wait for that."

"Where did you find the old woman, Doctor?" said I. "We were afraid you would not see her."

"She was most opportunely seated on a log, just outside of the house, as I returned from an inspection of the carriage. She was rocking herself to and fro, and seemed in a meditative mood. I seated myself by her, and entered into conversation, to see how far she retained her memory."

"Oh no, Charles, don't tell it that way. Tell Jeanie what you said just as you told me—'entered into conversation' spoils it entirely."

He smiled, and, as I eagerly seconded her words, he said:

"My object was to ascertain how far she was still in possession of her faculties, and with a view to that I said:

"'I should very much like to meet some old friends of mine, with whom I passed a strange night, some twenty years ago, in these very mountains.'

"'Twenty years ago! Twenty years ago!' she repeated. 'You should have come sooner if you wished to meet your friends; 'tis a big bit out of life. I was just thinking myself of twenty years ago; my young ones marrying today brought it to my mind.—But he's gone, and no one else sees what I see.'

"I could not recognize in the withered old crone at my side, with her white hair flying in the breeze, a trace of my companion of that night, but I thought it was worth the attempt, and resolved on a bold stroke, watching her closely as I spoke:

"'Do you see a stormy night, and a crying child?—do you hear the echo of that cry in the wind?—do you see a beautiful baby boy in your husband's arms?—do you see a pale young mother waking to life under your kind care? Do you?'

"'Is it the black art? Is it magic? Are you a wizard?' said she, interrupting me, and seizing my arm as she spoke. My mind had been satisfied before I heard her words, for as I spoke—my eyes upon her face—I saw, brought out by those old memories, the likeness which I had before vainly sought, and the deep interest and amazement as I went on.

"'Say more!—say more!' she continued; 'let me hear what I thought none knew now he was gone.'

"'Do you see that same pale mother, lying with contracted brow, from mortal agony? Do you see a young man watching by her side, his finger on her pulse, through the long hours of that endless night? Do you see the dawn breaking, the suffering gone, the beautiful boy clasped in that mother's arms? Do you see that last, long look of love, and do you hear the final words, "Lorenzo mio?"'

"Her eyes were fixed upon my face with a deep, earnest gaze, her hand still on my arm; she neither moved nor spoke as I paused.

"At length she heaved a long sigh, and without changing her position, said doubtfully:

"'You wouldn't be that young man? Oh no—what am I saying?'

"'Even so,' said I; 'that very young man, with twenty years added to his life. It was scarcely to be expected that we should recognise each other.'

"'Blessings on you!' said she. 'It was like you to come to the wedding. It all comes back to me now, and I can remember the fancy Lorrie took to you, and went into your arms that night, when Bertie was sleeping in her cradle; and to think you should remember them all this time, and come to their wedding!—dear! but it was kind.'

"I felt a twinge of conscience, as I of course disclaimed all such intention, for I was conscious that we might sacrifice our own plans to give her pleasure, and could not feel quite satisfied till I found, later, that guests were expected who would fill our rooms.

"She went on to give me, by degrees, the whole story, one thing bringing out another, till I had a pretty clear account of it all; but as it was given in a very broken way, I must be excused for making a shorter story of it. She told me that she and her husband had hesitated for some time whether they could afford to keep the child—"

"But, Charles," said Harriet, "her funeral must have been a great expense to such poor people."

"Cuthbert and I had taken care of all that—at least the expense of it—before we left there that morning, but of course we could not provide for the child. She said that whilst they were discussing the matter, day after day and week after week slipped away, during which time they had become so attached to Lorrie, as she called him, that they decided to keep him, and trust that they would be able to support him.

"'You mind, sir,' said she, 'that you told us his name was Lorenzo, and it sounded like that what his mother called him, in the queer gibberish the poor thing talked; but it was hard for us to say, so we just called him Lorrie, and a blessing he's been to this house. No own son ever did more for a mother than he's always done for me.'

"I questioned her closely whether no inquiry had ever been made for him, no search, nothing which could lead to any clue to his parentage; but could discover no such attempt, and at this moment they have no more idea of who he may be than they had the day I parted from them. I found he had been brought up to assist the old man on the farm, and at his death had taken sole charge of it. He and Bertie, she told me, went to a little school together over the hills,—'He was wonderful smart, and beat Bertie at lessons all to pieces; but then that was natural, she was only a girl—and a dear girl, too,' she added, 'no wonder Lorrie wanted to marry her.' I repeat this," said he, turning to me, "for Harriet's benefit, for she evidently does not properly appreciate Bertie."

"Nor I either," said I, laughing, "for I cannot help regretting that the mysterious Lorenzo should throw himself away on such a girl."

"Probably," said he, "he will be far happier so, than if he were restless to find out his history, and yet from the little she told me, I think I can see that he has a sort of yearning for his native land. She mentioned the arrival of an artist in their neighborhood, at least I took him to be such from what she said, who met this boy accidentally, and was evidently attracted by him, whilst Lorenzo returned his notice with the most enthusiastic attachment. She says he taught him many things, and was always telling him of his own beautiful land, where the sun shone, and the skies were so blue, and it was always warm; and Lorenzo is always reading the books he gave him, and telling Bertie when he makes money, they will go together to that beautiful land, and she says the artist taught him some queer words that sounded for all the world like his mother's gibberish, and a strange thing was, that Lorrie loved so to say those words, but she didn't like them at all, so that he never says them before her, but she sometimes hears him saying them to himself; he once tried to teach them to Bertie, 'but I soon put a stop to that,' said she, emphatically."

"Fanny Bertie an Italian scholar!" said Harriet, laughing.

"You undervalue Bertie, Harriet," said the doctor; "her mother told me—"

"Luggage ready, sir," said Morley, appearing at the head of the stairs.

We hurry down; express our regrets that we cannot stay; offer our kindest wishes to the young couple, and as Harriet says good-bye, she draws a pretty ring from her finger and hands it to the blushing Bertie. It was something to see the flash of pleasure which lighted up Lorenzo's handsome countenance, as he bowed his thanks with an inborn grace, which would not have disgraced him had he added "*De Medicis*" to his name. A warm parting between Dr. Underwood and the old woman, and we have driven off, rejoicing that our dark night's adventure should have had such a bright termination.

Nothing is more unlikely than that I shall ever cross the ocean again, but if in life's strange chances this should occur, I shall certainly visit that little Welsh cottage, to ascertain whether the mystery attaching to Lorenzo has ever been unravelled. In which case, I promise my readers that they shall have the benefit of any such discoveries.

FACTS vs. THEORIES.

"Give me a place to rest my lever on," says Archimedes, "and I will move the world." "Give me pure and unadulterated drugs," says Medicis, of the olden time, "and I will cure disease."

In one sense, both of these learned pundits were the veriest charlatans. They knew there was no place to rest their levers on, either to move the world or to cure disease. Mechanism was in a backward state, and the medical profession was but another name for sorcery and all the adjuncts of magic filters and charms against the effect of "evil eye, &c."

But these latter days have borne unto us something more than even superstition and its crew ever dreamt of in their maddest philosophy. In these days of practical science, what was theory of yesterday is fact to-day, and all the old time notions become as bubbles in the sun, and burst and break with every breath we draw.

Let Archimedes shoulder his lever and we will find a resting-place for it to move the world. Let mine ancient Medicus pant and toil no more for the drugs he so sorely needs, for we have them at our hand, ready to serve them at his beck.

Refined in the laboratory of Dr. Maggiel, the finest materials known in the medical profession are obtainable by any one. His Bilious, Dyspeptic, and Diarrhea Pills stand unrivalled, and his Salve operates with magic effect upon burns, scalds, and all sores and ulcers of the skin.

In fact, we think Maggiel's Pills and Salve are the wonder of this century, and we are happy in the thought that many others of our brethren of the craft agree with us. We would earnestly counsel that all families provide themselves with Dr. Maggiel's Preparations at once, and keep them ready at hand, so as to use them at the most opportune time and as occasion serves.—*Valley Sentinel.*

CANCERS CURED.

CANCERS CURED without pain or the use of the knife. Tumors, White Swellings, Goitre, Ulcers, and all Chronic Diseases successfully treated. Circulars describing treatment sent free of charge.

Address DRS. BABCOCK & SON,
nov4-3m No. 27 Bond Street, New York.

To the Public.

DAVIS' PAIN KILLER

Has won for itself a reputation unsurpassed in the history of medical preparations. It is as well known in the trading ports of India and China as in New York and Cincinnati; and its continually increasing demand, where it has been longest known, is one of its strongest recommendations and best advertisements. It began to be favorably known in A. D., 1839, and has ever since been gradually growing into public favor, till, in thousands of families, it has come to be considered an article of such necessity that they are never without a supply of it to resort to in case of accident or sudden illness. It is not unfrequently said of it—"*We would as soon think of being without flour in the house as without* PAIN KILLER." It gives immediate relief in case of scald or burn, as well as in the sudden attack of Diarrhœa, Dysentery, or other similar affection of the bowels; and, being entirely a vegetable preparation, it is as safe as it is reliable. The promptness and certainty with which it acts in relieving all kinds of pain, makes it eminently worthy its name—PAIN KILLER—a name easily understood, and not easily forgotten. nov18-2t

---

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.

HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

---

"GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW."—The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic, and Diarrhœa Pills cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, Maggiel's Salve is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists for 25 cts per box. Sold by Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, Philadelphia, sole agents for the State of Pennsylvania. oct28-tf

---

SURE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.—COX'S DYSPEPSIA PILLS.—Dyspeptics should know their value. They are sure in all cases where the disease is not organic. Every person who has taken them has been relieved at once. One pill each night before going to bed for three nights in succession, and then omit four nights. These pills, besides being thoroughly effective, are mild in their operation. oct14-3m

---

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,10. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

---

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—APOPLEXY.—Ye who are in hourly dread of death, whose lives hang on the snapping of a thread, would act wisely in having recourse to occasional doses of these safety-valves of life-preserving pills—they regulate the action of the vital functions, equalize the circulation of the blood, and invigorate the nervous system. Persons of full habit, who are liable to epilepsy, rush of blood to the head, should always have a supply at hand.

Sold by all Druggists.

THE COMPLEXION AND HAIR.

BALD HEADS and Bare Faces covered. Gray Hair restored, Light Hair darkened, Weak Hair strengthened, and Bushy Hair beautified.

Also, Pimpled Faces cured, purified, and made soft, smooth, clear, and beautiful, by the use of CHAPMAN'S CELEBRATED RECIPES.

Mailed free to those wishing to give them an honest trial.

These Recipes can be obtained without charge by return mail, by addressing

THOS F. CHAPMAN,
CHEMIST AND PERFUMER,
oct21 6t 831 Broadway, New York.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

1865. FALL. 1865.

I. E. WALRAVEN,

MASONIC HALL,

Has now open his Fall importation of
LACE CURTAINS,
BROCATELLE CURTAINS,
SILK TERRY CURTAINS,
SATIN DAMASK CURTAINS,
WOOL REP CURTAINS,
SATIN LAINE CURTAINS,
NOTTINGHAM CURTAINS.

PARISIAN NOVELTIES.

Embracing the Celebrated

SMYRNA CLOTH

AND

MODE RIDEAUX,
TABLE AND PIANO COVERS

AND

WINDOW SHADES,

In every desirable style or color.

WALRAVEN,

nov25-9t 719 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.

BROWN'S

Metallic Weather Strips and Window Bands

Totally exclude Dust, Noise and Odor in summer, as well as Cold, Wind and Rain in winter from doors and windows of every description without interfering with their free use at all times.

WARRANTED GOOD FOR FIVE YEARS.

For Circulars, with price list, references, &c., address the METALLIC WEATHER STRIP COMPANY. DAVID H. LOSEY, Agent,
nov25-6t 39 South Fifth St., Philadelphia.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES AGAIN!
Have come, when a first-class MAGAZINE can be had for the good old price of Twenty-five cents per number, or Three Dollars per year, which is the price of

BEADLE'S MONTHLY,

A MAGAZINE OF TO DAY.

A very choice periodical, containing only the productions of the best pens in all the depaitments of Romance, Poetry, Natural Science, Useful Arts, Travel, History, &c, beautifully illustrated and elegantly printed. Before subscribing for your year's magazine

SEND FOR THE JANUARY NUMBER!

remitting twenty cents, when you will receive it free of postage. Address BEADLE & COMPANY, Publishers, No. 118 William St., New York.

TO CLUB AGENTS!
DON'T FAIL TO SEND FOR A COPY OF

BEADLE'S MONTHLY,

A MAGAZINE OF TO-DAY.

Of all Monthlies this promises the best. In matter and illustration it is all that can be desired by those seeking for a thoroughly Good Magazine. Employing only the *best* authors and artists, it will command attention for its general excellence and variety of contents, and for its typographic and pictorial beauty.

DON'T FAIL TO SEND FOR SPECIMEN COPY!

which will be supplied to applicants by mail at 20 cents each. Address BEADLE & COMPANY, Publishers, No. 118 William St., New York.

P. S. PETERSON & Co.,

(Late Withers & Peterson,)

30 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA,

STOCK AND EXCHANGE
BROKERS.

STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

7 3-10 TREASURY NOTES constantly on hand, and will be sold at lowest rates.

All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
my2-1y

AGENTS WANTED FOR

HOWARD'S DOMESTIC MEDICINE,

Or FAMILY COMPANION; A PHYSICIAN IN DISEASE AND A GUIDE IN HEALTH.

Containing 1020 Large Octavo Pages, 131 Illustrations. Returned soldiers and energetic men of good address are wanted in every county.

PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT IS OFFERED.

This work is what its name imports exclusively a *Family Doctor Book and Guide.* It is the Best Medical work for Family use. Will sell more rapidly and pay agents better than any similar book *Now Published.* Write for Descriptive Circular with terms. Address

QUAKER CITY PUBLISHING HOUSE,
oct28-3teow 1304 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CRUTCHES.

FIRST and only PREMIUM awarded at the American Institute Fair, 1865, and State Fair of Pennsylvania, 1865, for CRUTCHES. HARTMAN'S PATENT ELASTIC RUBBER CRUTCHES are pronounced by surgeons, medical men, and everybody else, to be the very best ever invented. They are easy and convenient, they prevent paralysis of the nerves, do away with all the weariness inseparable from the use of all others, and are in all respects unrivalled. Price moderate. Send for a circular. LOVEJOY & TAYLOR, Sole Manufacturers, No. 476½ Broadway, New York.

For sale by Mrs. Dr. McCLENACHAN, No. 50 North 7th St., Philadelphia. sep30-3m

---

STEREOSCOPES FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Box and Skeleton patterns, new styles, with superior glasses. Samples expressed. Box style $4.00, Skeleton $3.50. Discount to agents. Send for circular. A. J. RITTER, Rahway, N. J. nov11-4t

---

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed for* 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
dec 17-tf Box 2200, Boston, Mass.

MR. STAFFORD'S CELEBRATED PRESCRIPTION, which is curing thousands of every form of affliction, will be sent to any address on receipt of 3 cents to pay postage. Address HARKER BENNETT, 492½ Broadway, N. Y. no11-tf

---

BRADBURY'S PIANOS.

New, Large, and Grand Scale, Full Iron-Frame, Over-Strung Bass, and every real modern improvement. They are *unrivalled*, brilliant, rich in tone, and durable.

Also, Hintz; Fischer; and Kraushaar & Co.'s fine-toned and brilliant Pianos.

Treat. Linsley & Co.'s First Premium CABINET ORGANS. *Five first premiums* over all other Organs, at State Fairs this Fall.

J. A. GETZE,
nov25-3m 1109 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

MUSTARD!

MUSTARD!!

MUSTARD!!!

Just Arrived This Day, Per Steamship "City of Boston."

First invoice of GLORNEY MUSTARD, manufactured in the City of Dublin, Ireland, expressly for my sales, out of new seed. This Mustard ranks among the few articles of Irish manufacture that command a high place in the world—Dublin Poplin, Dublin Porter and Dublin Mustard have never been excelled. I quote from Mr. Glorney's letter: "We have fitted up twenty stamps additional, which we expect will be able to supply you, as it takes the whole mill machinery to supply the Irish, Scotch and English trade."

These Mills were established in 1813.

HENRY CHAPMAN,

No. 932 Arch Street,

Sole Agent for the U. S. and Canada.

SPICES. SPICES. SPICES.

Splendid NUTMEGS, pure and unadulterated Pepper, Allspice, &c. None other sold. A full assortment of Spices. The purity of these goods may be relied on.

TEAS. TEAS. TEAS.

The cheapest and best in the city.

COFFEE. COFFEE. COFFEE.

The cheapest and best in the city.

HENRY CHAPMAN,

932 ARCH Street, below Tenth, Philadelphia.
oct 7-3m

HOME INDUSTRY MADE EASY

BY MENDENHALL'S

SELF-ACTING HAND LOOM.

It is the greatest invention of the age, and is in every way adapted to the wants of the people. The simplicity of this machine and the speed and accuracy with which it does its work is truly astonishing. No skill is required to weave upon it further than to turn the crank with a regular motion. It lets off the warp from the warp beam, winds up the cloth, throws the shuttle, and treads the treadle, all with one motion. When the warp is once drawn through the reed and harness of this Loom on the same warp and without any extra machinery, Jeans, Satinet, Tweed, Linsey, Blanket, double plain Cloth, various kinds of ribbed goods, Fancies Twills of all kinds, Ragging, Toweling, Table Linen and Balmoral Skirting can be woven, and the changes from one kind of cloth to another can be made in five minutes. It also weaves all Wool, Cotton, Flax, or Tow Cloth, Hemp, Woolen or Rag Carpets. The

SELF-ACTING HAND LOOM

operates on the same principle as the power Loom. Makes as good cloth, weaves as fast, and a girl 13 years old can run it with ease.

FROM 15 TO 35 YARDS

of goods can be woven on it per day, and from $5 to $10 can be made by manufacturing goods for the market. It is substantially made, is small, neat and light, about the size of an ordinary breakfast table. If industriously used this Loom will pay for itself in three or four weeks by manufacturing goods for sale. Half the cost of clothing a family can be saved by using the Self-Acting Hand Loom. *More than 1000 of these Looms have been sold to the people of Ohio, Kentucky, and other Western States in the last year, and in all cases they have given entire satisfaction.* No one who has used the SELF-ACTING HAND LOOM could be induced to part with it for double the cost. *No money is required until the Loom is put up and proven to be and do what is represented.* The Loom can be seen in operation at our office, 233 Chestnut St. Enclose stamp for descriptive Circular and Samples of Cloth woven on the Loom.

Address A. B. GATES & CO.,
nov11-4t P. O., Box 940, Philadelphia, Pa.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

FIRST PREMIUM
IMPROVED

$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF
PRACTICAL UTILITY AND
EXTREME SIMPLICITY.

Patented May 13th, 1862, improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, sews with DOUBLE OR SINGLE THREAD. Makes the Running Stitch *more perfect* and *regular*, than by hand and with extraordinary rapidity. Will *Gather, Hem, Ruffle, Skirr, Tuck, Run up Breadths, &c., &c*; requires no *Lubrication or Change of Stitch*—IS NOT LIABLE TO GET OUT OF ORDER, and will last a LIFETIME.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child can use it."—*New York Independent.*

"With single or double thread, it silently, yet very rapidly, with a common needle, makes the running stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions on receipt of the price, $5. Agents wanted everywhere. Circular containing Liberal Indecements sent Free.

All orders must be addressed to

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO.,
sep23-6m Office, 102 Nassau St., New York.

FRENCH STEREOSCOPIC MAGNIFYING ALBUMS, holding over Seventy-Five Cartes de Visites, magnifies pictures as large as life. Every family should have one. Sent safely by mail, postage paid, for Two Dollars.

Address RICHARDS & ROCHE,
nov 11-3teow 101 Division St., New York City.

$6 FROM 50 CENTS.

Call and examine something urgently needed by everybody, or sample will be sent free by mail for 50 cents, that retail for $6. R. L. WOLCOTT,
feb18-1y No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

NEW AND ELEGANT GOODS

FOR

THE HOLIDAYS.

JAMES C. CALDWELL & CO.,

822 CHESTNUT STREET,

ADJOINING THE CONTINENTAL

Are opening a very choice assortment of (their own Importation and selection)

NOVELTIES

From PARIS, GENEVA, VIENNA, and other EUROPEAN CAPITALS, comprising

ENTIRELY NEW AND BEAUTIFUL ARTICLES

FOR

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

Also, EXQUISITE SILVER WARES, CUT GLASS and PLATED GOODS; a very full variety of WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, REAL BRONZES, MARBLE CLOCKS, FRENCH DECORATED VASES, FANS, TOILET SETS. All goods marked at lowest prices in plain figures.
nov25-5t

HUMPHREY'S

SPECIFIC HOMŒPATHIC REMEDIES

HAVE PROVED, from the most ample experience, an *Entire Success*—Simple, Prompt, Efficient, and Reliable. They are the only medicines perfectly adapted to popular use. They have received the highest praise from the profession, the press, and the people, and will always render satisfaction.

No.		Price of Single Boxes—Cents.
1	—Cures Fevers, Congestion and Inflammation	25
2	" Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic, &c.	25
3	" Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants	25
4	" Diarrhœa of Children and Adults	25
5	" Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic	25
6	" Cholera Morbus, Nausea, or Vomiting	25
7	" Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis	25
8	" Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache	25
9	" Headaches, Sick Headache, or Vertigo	25
10	" Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach, Costiveness	25
11	" Suppressed, Scanty or Painful Periods	25
12	" Leucorrhœa, or Whites, Profuse Periods	25
13	" Croup, Hoarse Cough, Difficult Breathing	25
14	" Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	25
15	" Rheumatism, and all Rheumatic Pains	25
16	" Fever and Ague, Chill Fever—Old Agues	50
17	" Piles, internal or external, blind or bleeding	50
18	" Opthalmy, Sore, Weak or Inflamed Eyes	50
19	" Catarrh, acute or chronic, or influenza	50
20	" Whooping Cough, or violent Coughs	50
21	" Asthma, Oppressed, Difficult Breathing	50
22	" Ear Discharges and Impaired Hearing	50
23	" Scrofula, Enlarged Glands, Swellings	50
24	" General Debility, or Physical Weakness	50
25	" Dropsy and Scanty Secretions	50
26	" Sea-Sickness, or Sickness from riding	50
27	" Kidney Disease, Gravel, Renal Calculi	50
28	" Nervous Disability, Seminal Emissions, Involuntary Discharges	$1 00
29	" Sore Mouth, or Canker of Adults or Children	50
30	" Urinary Incontinence and Wetting the Bed	50
31	" Painful Periods over with Spasms	50
32	" Sufferings at Change of Life	$1 00
33	" Epilepsy, Spasms, and St. Vitus' Dance	1 00
34	" Diptheria and Ulcerated Throat	50

FAMILY CASES.

Case of 28 vials, in morocco case, Book complete $10 00
Case of Twenty large vials, in morocco, and Book 6 00
Case of Twenty large vials, plain case, and Book 5 00
Case of Fifteen boxes (Nos. 1 to 15,) and Book 5 00

☞ These REMEDIES, by the case or the single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, *free* of charge, on the receipt of the price. Address,

Humphrey's Specific Homœpathic Medicine Co., Office and Depot, No. 562 Broadway, N. York.

Dr. HUMPHREY is consulted daily at his office, personally or by letter, as above, for all forms of disease.

Dyott & Co., Philadelphia, Wholesale Dealers. Retailed by all Philadelphia Druggists.

For Sale by all Dealers in Medicine everywhere. nov25-3m

WHEELER & WILSON'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM

LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table, $55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 60
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table, $65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut, 70
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table, $75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut, 80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,

319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

25,000 Happy Children Have

MERRY CHIMES.

A NEW MUSIC BOOK; containing Instructions, Exercises and Several Hundred Popular Songs, New and Sparkling, adapted to all occasions, and alive with the spirit of the times, including many compositions never before published. Specimen pages sent free. Price of "Merry Chimes," 50 cents, on receipt of which it will be sent, post paid.

Just published by OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
nov25-1f Boston.

LADIES—NOTICE!

JOHN M. FINN,

S. E. COR SEVENTH AND ARCH STREETS,

PHILADELPHIA,

HAS JUST OPENED,

AT VERY REASONABLE PRICES,

A full line of the following Goods:—
FRENCH LACE VEILS, from 50 cents up.
IMITATION AND REAL LACES. Also,
SMYRNA AND SAXONY LACES.
CRAPE COLLARS, large variety.
FRENCH COLLARS AND CUFFS, beautiful designs.
TOILET COVERS, of elegant patterns.
NOTTINGHAM CURTAINS, from $3 per pair up.
FULL LINE OF TABLE LINEN.
LADIES' AND GENTS' HANDKERCHIEFS.

ALSO,

STAPLE DRY GOODS,

AS FOLLOWS:—

Plaid Cashmeres, 75 cents, selling fast.
All-wool Poplins, $1.25 to $1.50.
Lupin's French Merinoes, $1.25, $1.40, $1.50.
Lupin's all-wool Delaines, double and single width.
Plaid Poplins, $1.75.
Figured all-wool Delaine.
Striped Melange Cloth, 31 cents.
Granita Cloth, 40 cents.
Silk-mixed Cameltine, 55 cents.
Black Alpacas, 62c., 75c., $1, $1.25, $1.40, $1.50, very good.
Colored Alpaca.
Black all-wool Delaines.
Black Merinoes.
Balmoral Skirts.
All-wool Flannels.
Flannels, full line, cheap.
Crimson Opera Cloth.
Blankets, all sizes and grades, as low as $7.50 per pair.

Parties should examine these goods before purchasing elsewhere.

ALSO,

Ladies' and Children's Vests.

JOHN M. FINN,

S. E. *corner* of ARCH and SEVENTH Streets.
nov4-4t

$20 PER DAY $20

Made easy by every Agent who sells our GREAT, NEW and WONDERFUL EXTRA LARGE size stationery and PRIZE PACKAGE. The GREATEST MONEY-MAKING BUSINESS of the age. Each Package contains LARGE QUANTITIES of Fine Writing materials. EVERYTHING NEW, such as Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Blotters, Ladies Paris Fashion Plates, Designs for Needle-Work, Keep-Sakes, Household Companion, Guide for letter writers, Engravings, Indian Recipes, or how to live without a Doctor, Gents Pocket Calendar, Many Ways to Get Rich, Yankee Notions, all kinds of Recipes, Rich and Fashionable Jewelry, in all worth several dollars. Retail price ONLY 25 cents. GOLD and SILVER WATCHES presented FREE TO ALL who act as our agents. Send for our new Circular with extra Premium Inducements.

W. D. GILBERT & CO.,
aug18-3m 102 Nassau St., New York.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

"A Scientific Wonder."

EUROPEAN POCKET TIMEKEEPER.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

PATENT APPLIED FOR JUNE 20, 1865.

AN EXACT and RELIABLE POCKET TIMEKEEPER for Ladies or Gentlemen. A decidedly unique and *wonderful novelty.* Correctly constructed on the most approved SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, and *warranted* to DENOTE SOLAR TIME, with *absolute certainty* and the utmost precision. More truthful than the most costly and elaborate Time-keeper of modern manufacture. It never can be wrong. "*It requires no key,*" or winding up. Never runs down; and can never *be too fast or too slow.* Correct in all climates. It is a most remarkable article. Introduced into this country from Europe, where it is also legally protected by "*Royal Letters Patent.*" Price for a single one, with plain or fancy White Dials, in Gold or Silver-Gilt Cases, only $1. Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of price. Safe delivery guaranteed. All orders must be addressed to J. W. DELAMERE & CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS,
aug18-3m 204 and 206 Broadway, New York.

PREMIUM GOLD MEDAL.

AMERICAN
BELL COMPANY'S
STEEL COMPOSITION
AND
BRONZE METAL
BELLS.

32 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK.

The following is a copy of the certificate of the Board of Managers of the *American Institute* in response to the Report of the Committee of Judges on Bells:

No. 260.

G. M. This is to certify, that a GOLD MEDAL was awarded the AMERICAN BELL COMPANY for STEEL COMPOSITION AND BRONZE METAL BELLS, with Harrison's Rotating Hanging apparatus.

(Signed) JOHN W. CHAMBERS,
Secretary Board of Managers.
American Institute, }
New York, Oct. 23d, 1865. } nov11-6m

GREAT CHANCE FOR AGENTS

WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT.

THE STANDARD HISTORY OF THE WAR, complete in one large volume of over 1,000 pages, splendidly illustrated with over 150 fine portraits of Generals, Battle Scenes, Maps and Diagrams. This work has no rival as a candid, lucid, complete, authentic and reliable history of the war. It contains reading matter equal to three large octavo volumes. Send for circulars and see our terms. Address

JONES, BROS. & CO.,
nov4-4t Philadelphia, Pa.

SAFETY LAMP.

NO SMOKE, NO CHIMNEY.—Portable, not dangerous. Free from smell, and has all the advantages of gas without the expense. A great LIGHT, all for a penny for six hours. Send for full description. For sale wholesale and retail by the Lig-roine Fluid and Lamp Company, No. 19 Gold St., New York. sep30-3m

---

25 CENT SAMPLE SENT FREE, with catalogue of terms to agents. Address

HAYWARD & CO.,
nov18-4t 239 Broadway, New York.

B. FRANK PALMER.

SURGEON-ARTIST TO THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND HOSPITALS; AUTHOR OF NEW RULES FOR AMPUTATIONS; INVENTOR OF THE "PALMER ARM," LEG, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

No. 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.—1609.

THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these Inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation.
Address B. FRANK PALMER, Surgeon-Artist,
oct23-1y 1609 Chestnut St., Philada.

PARLOR ORGANS!

The latest improvement and most desirable parlor instruments made. CHURCH ORGAN HARMONIUMS, pronounced by leading organists to be unequalled. SCHOOL ORGANS, a powerful, compact, and durable instrument for schools, etc. MELODEONS, the largest and finest assortment in the country. Illustrated Circulars and Price List sent by mail. Manufactured by CARHART, NEEDHAM & CO., No. 97 East Twenty-third street, New York. sep30-3m

---

Natural, Graceful and Beautiful.

Lingers on every glossy wave and ripplet of her lovely hair.

IVINS'
PATENT
HAIR
CRIMPERS

For crimping and waving ladies' hair. *No heat used and no injury to the hair.*

They are put up in beautifully lithographed boxes containing one sett (1 doz.) assorted lengths, with full directions for use accompanying each box.

No ladies' toilet is complete without them. For sale throughout the country. Retailers will be supplied by any first-class Jobber of Notions in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston. Manufactured only by E. IVINS, Sixth St. and Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. jy6-1y

---

W. H. BONER & CO.'S

NEW MUSIC STORE,

No. 1102 CHESTNUT STREET.

Dealers in American and Foreign Music; also, Pianos, Melodeons, and Musical Instruments of all kinds. Teachers and seminaries supplied at a liberal discount. Music sent by mail, postage paid, upon receipt of the marked price. oct7-6t

---

CANCER.

A new and wonderful discovery, Dr. J. C. DIXON'S CANCER ANTIDOTE, which has already proved, in over five hundred cases, to be the most successful treatment for Cancer that has ever been used by man. The method of treatment is indeed simple. This terrible disease is entirely removed in a solid mass, without the use of the knife, loss of blood, producing of pain, caustic burning, or affecting the sound parts. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.; No. 720 Broadway, New York.
sep23-3m J. C. DIXON, M. D.

WEST JERSEY RAILROAD LINES.—Daily except Sundays.

Commencing Thursday, Aug. 24th, 1865, from foot of Market street, upper ferry,

For Cape May, &c., at 8:30 A. M., Mail; 3:30 P. M., Passenger.

For Millville and Vineland, 8:30 A. M., Mail, and 2:30 P. M., Passenger.

For Bridgeton, Salem, &c., at 9:15 A. M., Mail, 4 P. M.

For Glassboro', &c., 8:30 and 9:15 A. M., 2:30, 4 P. M.

For Woodbury, &c., 9:15 A. M., 2:30, 4 and 6:30 P. M.

RETURNING, WILL LEAVE

Cape May at 8 A. M., Mail; 5 P. M., Passenger.
Millville at 6:30 and 10:02 A. M.; 6:38 P. M.
Bridgeton at 6:40 A. M., Mail; 4:20 P. M., Passenger.
Salem at 6:25 A. M., Mail; 4:05 P. M., Passenger.
Woodbury at 7:05, 9:13 and 11:36 A. M.; 4:54 and 6:28 P. M., Passenger.

J. VAN RENSSELAER, Superintendent West Jersey, Salem, and Cape May and Millville Railroad.

THE WEST JERSEY EXPRESS COMPANY

Will attend to all the usual branches of express business, receive, deliver and forward through other responsible express companies, to all parts of the country, any article entrusted to them.

A special messenger accompanies each through train.

Philadelphia, Aug. 26, 1865. sep16-tf

PRESTIDIGITATION;

Or, MAGIC MADE EASY.—A New Book, just out. The most complete book on Legerdemain, Sleight of Hand, &c., ever published. Nothing like it. It tells how to cut a man's head off, and put it a yard from his body; how to eat off your nose; how to eat fire; Laughing Gas; Rope-tying Feat; the Wonderful Hat; and nearly 200 other astounding Magical, Chemical, and Optical performances of the best Magicians, Wizards, and Prestidigitateurs. 64 pages, with illustrated cover. Price only 20 cents; eight for $1—mailed free. *Satisfaction guaranteed.*

Address E. HUNTER & CO.,
oct7-3m Publishers, Hinsdale, N. H.

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE DECEITFUL FLORENTINE.

A Ballad.

There was a fine young mariner who sailed upon the sea,
His ship it was a ship of war—a lieutenant was he;
He was a man of gallant mien, and not unknown to fame,
Of high Italian parentage, O'Reilly was his name.

This noble young Italian man made love to Anna Lee,
He said that he did worship her; and she did worship he;
But Anna Lee thought sailor men were said to fickle be,
And she cried: "O, noble Florentine, I ask a pledge of thee!"

Then spoke this noble Florentine: "My love is ever warm;
Take this 'ere button I have cut from off my uniform,
For why, it is the only one our noble President
And werry noble Commodore permits us to present."

With these deceitful words straightway he sailed across the sea,
And stopped awhile at Limerick (a town in Italy:)
And there forgetting of his vows, and of his former flame,
He married an Italian girl, O'Connolly by name.

When Anna Lee received the news, she gave a frightful start,
And said: "You naughty, naughty man, methinks you've broke my heart."
And then she took a pistol up, but for a ball of lead
Down deep into the deadly tube *his button* rammed instead.

She shot herself; and, maidens all, oh listen unto me:
Don't trust too much in Florentines, whose name is O'Reilly.
Don't trust to sailors, and if you would save your sinful souls,
Be careful when and how you make such awful button-holes! —*Californian.*

Sold and Paid For.

A young French actress, Mademoiselle Delorme, with all the attributes of her nature—wit, beauty, and talent in her art, entered her apartment in the Rue de Richelieu, and carelessly threw her shawl on the ottoman. She seemed to drop in grief. And why? She had no rival to dread at her theatre; not a hair of her silken tresses had changed its hue; not a vow or a protestation less had crowned her last success. Why, then, was she sad?

"Alas!" and she addressed her only true friend, her confidential lady's-maid—"alas! I am the most miserable of earthly things. My whole heart is absorbed on one subject; my existence is a bane to me without it."

"And what is that happy object?"

"Oh, Josephine! I have fondly gazed, too fondly fixed my affections;" and then, as she mused to herself—"where can I find two thousand francs?"

It was of an enamelled dressing-case she spoke. She had seen it as she came home; had asked the price; but alas! two thousand francs. And she sighed heavily.

The door-bell rang—the maid went and came.

"It is the English lord, madame."

"Let him come in," she sullenly replied.

Lord Honiton entered; he came to offer the homage of his adieu. The *entree* to the society of such beauty and such talent he would preserve for his future visits to Paris; and he ransacked his brain to find some souvenir to present in token of his admiration. "I can only be sure of pleasing if I know what will find favor in your eyes."

The prevailing passion of the enamelled dressing-case still being her only thought, she exclaimed—

"Yes, sir; there is in the Rue de la Paix what would make me the happiest creature in the world. It is an enamelled dressing-case."

"Before an hour can pass, you shall be the happy being you deserve to be."

One—two—three hours passed on, and no dressing-case appeared. The impatient beauty could bear it no longer; she called a cab, and drove to the Rue de la Paix. The dressing-case was still on the counter.

"What; and were you not offered a sale for it?"

"Yes, madame, an Englishman did admire it much; he offered fifteen hundred francs, which we refused, and he left the shop, saying, if we repented, we might send it to the Hotel Meurice."

"And why did you not send it?"

"Because we would not take the fraction of a farthing less than two thousand francs."

"Hark ye," the eager beauty replied, "I will avow a secret. It was for me he offered to purchase it. I will make up the difference; five hundred francs are an easy sacrifice; two thousand francs I could not give; send it to him forthwith. Here are the five hundred francs;" and she parted with her last bank-note.

The packet was carefully arranged, and quickly too on its destined way. Our heroine returned home, thinking of the awakening on the morrow which would see the object of her fancy before her—she fell asleep—she awoke—it was already day—she rang her bell.

"Well!" she exclaimed to her attendant; "well!"

"It has not yet arrived, madame."

She breakfasted—an angel could not be more patient; the clock struck ten, eleven, twelve—she could bear it no longer; a cab was called—Hotel Meurice was its destination. She called a waiter:

"Did a person bring a dressing-case here last evening?"

"Oh, yes, madame, and a beautiful one it was. It was for Lord Honiton. You should have seen his delight when he received it. He talked aloud to himself: 'I did not know it was such a prize. It is not dear at all—fifteen hundred francs;—why, it is nothing for it.' And then he added, smiling, 'By my troth, Mademoiselle Delorme must do without it. John, pack it up.'"

"Gracious heavens! and where is he?"

"On the road to Boulogne, madame, where he is by this time nearly arrived, having left at ten o'clock last evening, with four horses and a courier."

CANDID.

GENTLEMAN.—"I suppose you would like to have the key of the wine-cellar?"
BUTLER.—"That entirely depends on the vintage, sir!"

ORIGIN OF THE WATERFALL.—While Noah was in the Ark for forty days and nights it was quite dark, and Mrs. Noah and the rest of them not being able to comb their hair, presented an unusual object in the head-gear line, and she and the rest of the women were continually run by the rest of the crew. Mrs. Noah's unfailing reply was—"Wait till the water falls," and as such the style was known. When the Ark struck ground, she put her head out of the door (and such a head!) and exclaimed at the top of her voice—"Is this Ar-a-rat?" And the impression was, and is to this day, that it is very much like it.

PRESSING AND SQUEEZING.—A Frenchman having frequently heard the word *press* made use of to imply *persuade*, as "press that gentleman to take some refreshments," "press him to stay to-night," thought he would show his talents by using a synonymous term; and, therefore, made no scruple one evening to cry out in company, "Pray *squeeze* that lady to sing."

"BUT NOT UNTIL YOU DIE!"—Said a very high functionary to his scapegrace son: "Look at me! Here am I, at the top of the tree, and what is my reward? Why, when I die, my son is the greatest rascal in England!"

To this made answer young Hopeful—

"Yes, dad, when you die—but not till then, you see!"

CAR-TOONS.—"Was Raphael a musician, ma?"

"No, my dear, a painter; what made you think he was a musician?"

"Why, ma, Mr. Daub, my drawing teacher, says his *car-toons* are splendid."

Who says that a starving man may look in vain for a meal? When a man has not money enough to pay for his dinner, there are plenty of people ready to give him a cold shoulder.

A SERENADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY F. H. STAUFFER.

Come to the window, my dear one,
There's a path in the quiet grove;
Surely when others are near one,
'Tis irksome to whisper of love.

A beautiful night for walking,
With the moon and stars overhead,
A beautiful night for talking,
When each one believes what is said.

Are there no vows yet unspoken?
No promises yet to be won?
No gifts to be kept as a token
When one or the other is gone?

Where is the heart that is truer?
Where worship more silently grand?
Is there much to a patient wooer
In the wave of a snow-white hand?

For the answer, oh, how I bless you!
Proud of the love which you give;
With *such* be it mine to caress you,
And lengthen the life you may live!

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

With the constant and steadily increasing demand for woolen fabrics, and the use of mutton coming gradually more into favor as an article of food, it is quite time that the area of production of both materials were widely extended in the United States, and the quality of both improved by every means at command.

While a comparatively few intelligent and enterprising wool-growers and sheep-breeders in the states of New York, Vermont, and Ohio, with here and there a solitary mutton pioneer in other regions have done, and are doing a great deal towards improving both the quality of the stock and its produce, a very large proportion of our country stands in regard to the wool and mutton question, very nearly where it did forty years ago.

Let any intelligent observer spend a day along the line of wool dealers on Front street, in Philadelphia, observe well the day's transactions, and carefully note down the preponderance of fleeces weighing from two to three and a half pounds, and in the large majority of cases, the foul, untidy condition in which the material has been sent to market, and it will require no thumb-screw torture to extort from him the confession that a very great reformation is needed in our general economy of wool growing.

Let any connoisseur in lamb chops, breast, loin, or leg of mutton, canvass any or all of our city markets in search of such choice, tempting cuts as he has sometimes seen and tasted abroad, and in his disappointment his verdict will very likely be—"Ah—our mutton markets don't afford us the material they might and ought to do, by a very long way."

At the annual Agricultural Exhibition of the state of Pennsylvania, held at Easton in 1864, there was not a single animal of the genus sheep present worth an hour's remembrance, or a second glance from any well-educated wool-grower or sheep breeder, of whom there were several present.

Now, with the fact patent as it is to every intelligent person who will be at the trouble of an easy investigation of facts, that Pennsylvania *can* produce as good sheep, as finely flavored mutton, and wool of as good quality as any other country, or region of country in the world, the exhibition referred to is by no means creditable to our enterprise in that direction.

The plea made so often by wool-growers and sheep-breeders, in the northern and middle states, that the severities and vicissitudes of our climate are such as to preclude the possibility of producing profitably such animals as will afford either the best wool, or finest flavored mutton, is founded in error. Let us take a few facts as evidence:

In Asiatic Russia, stretching eastward from the base of the Ural Mountains, to the great River Zenisei—frozen over half its entire length, seven months out of the twelve—between the parallels of fifty and sixty-five north latitude, there are wide districts in which vast herds of sheep, affording wool of finer quality, and flesh of a superior flavor are always found, multiplying without especial care, and braving the rigors of a Russian winter five times more severe than any of ours within the limits of the United States.

Journeying southward and westward, we shall find in Independent Tartary—all along the eastern shore of the Caspian Sea, about the Sea of Aral, and along almost the entire course of the Amoo River, everywhere, sheep of fine fleece and delicious flesh, breeding and thriving with little care or attention from man.

Into Persia, and away farther to the southward, down through its alternate regions of sterile desolation, and Eden munificence of fruits and flowers—down within the actual, and almost within the geographical tropic—along the Persian Gulf, from Bushire to the Strait and Island of Ormus, we shall find sheep everywhere abundant, whose fleeces excel in fineness of fibre and silkiness of texture, and whose flesh is as delicate as that of the Demavend kid.

Northward, and eastward again, into Hither India—at Herat, Cabul, and Chiznee, in Afghanistan, at Lahore, and Cashmere, in Hindoostan, and throughout the whole extent of the Valley of Thibet, from Leh to Jiga Gungar, sheep are everywhere abundant, multiplying and thriving almost without thought or care from man, their flesh of very superior excellence, affording the meat staple in every market, and their fleeces, material for those exquisite woolen fabrics for which Eastern looms have so long been justly celebrated.

In several of the more northern settlements of Canada—in regions semi-Arctic in their severity, experiments in sheep-breeding and wool-growing have been successfully made, proving that the fine fleeced Saxon, crossed with the longer limbed, larger framed South-Down, will thrive admirably, producing a mutton equal to the best that Smithfield Market ever afforded to English epicure, and wool of unusual fine fibre and glossy texture. In several instances in the Scotch settlements north of the parallel of fifty, in Canada, it has been ascertained that the mean loss of sheep stock from the severity of climate has been something less than six per cent. of animals.

In the elevated mountain regions of Chili and Bolivia, at altitudes from seven to twelve thousand feet above the sea level, in many districts where the thermometrical range is lower than in the state of Vermont, where snow storms are sudden and severe, and the rigors of climate greater than in any of our Middle States, the Alpacha sheep thrives famously, considerably more than doubling the stock annually, yielding generous fleeces of fine fibred wool, and mutton far superior in flavor to any sheep's flesh ever found in any of our North American markets. Very trifling is the care ever bestowed upon these mountain Alpachas, nor do they seem in their present condition to require it, though it is probable they would be something improved, and all the more comfortable by so much care and attention as the United States farmer usually bestows upon his sheep.

The great Island of Chiloe, lying mostly between the parallels of 42 and 44 south latitude, separated from Patagonia by the Gulf of Guaiteca, and from Chili proper by the narrow Strait of San Carlos, affords perhaps the finest breed of sheep in the world. These Chiloe animals seem to be a modification of the mountain Alpacha, adapted by Nature herself to the changed condition of climate and soil of their present island home.

These Chiloe sheep stands a third taller than his Highland cousin, is on an average considerably more than a third heavier, clad in a long, flowing fleece—not so fine in fibre as that of the Alpacha, but equally soft and glossy in texture, very white, and as impervious to water as the compact covering of the penguin. There is no partition of the wool along the back of the animal, so that although, from June to September, the rains at the Island of Chiloe are often copious, and for several days continuous, so perfectly thatched are these far Southern wool-clads, that they regard the cold, chilly Chiloe rains no more than a flock of ducks would do.

Grass is usually abundant on the Island, but the favorite food of the woolly Chilean is a variety of the black bean, that grows everywhere, both in the woods and cleared land, spontaneously and in great profusion. The animals neither receive or require any care or attention at the hand of man, and are almost invariably in prime condition, a poor sheep on the Island of Chiloe being as rare a curiosity as a white black bird in the United States.

The mutton of these island sheep is celebrated, and always sought after in every market along the whole West Coast of America, from Valdivia to Guayaquil. One of the very pleasant peculiarities of the Chiloe mutton is, that at however advanced an age the animal may be when slaughtered, there is never an atom of that disagreeable "old sheep" about the flesh that we so invariably find, and object to, in our aged mutton of this country. The Chiloe mutton is always *lamb*.

We are somewhat posted in the habits, qualities and condition of the Chiloan sheep, from familiar and intimate acquaintance with him in his island home, and can conceive of no reason whatever why he should not be advantageously introduced into the United States without deterioration in any respect, and the fibre of the wool improved by crossing with some of our finer wooled breeds.

Surely, the Island of Chiloe, or the mountain regions of Bolivia and Chili, are not so far off, out-of-the-world places, but that they may be reached without any extraordinary outlay of enterprise, and the Alpacha and Chiloe sheep added to our stock of domestic animals. Only just so much energy and cash as puts the proprietor of a menagerie or museum in possession of some worthless wild animal, to exhibit at twenty-five cents a head, children half price, would introduce into the United States domestic animals that would be acquisitions of national value; and it is almost certain, that if a few of our fancy sheep breeders, who buy and sell horned representatives of improved breeds, at $1,000 to $1,500, and ewes at $50 to $100 a head, would put their purses together, and introduce into the United States the Chiloe and Bolivian Alpacha sheep, with perhaps two or three pairs of the best approved Asiatic animals, the experiment would prove eminently satisfactory, both to themselves and the public.

Farmers in general will find it greatly to their advantage to have a larger proportion of their stock, improved wool and mutton bearing animals.

RECEIPTS.

Selected.

HAM.—Give it plenty of room; put it in cold water, and let it heat gradually; it must remain an hour heated before it boils; keep it simmering very gently. A ham of fifteen pounds requires four or five hours, according to its thickness. A ham is better for not cutting before it is cold—it is more juicy. Remove the skin carefully; keep it as whole as possible, as the ham should be kept covered with it to keep it moist. After the ham has been boiled the required time, let it remain ten or fifteen minutes in the pot, as it re-absorbs the essence thrown out in boiling. Ham is a necessary accompaniment to roast and boiled poultry.

TONGUE.—A tongue should be soaked twelve hours in cold water, if salted and dried; if a green or fresh one from pickle, two hours soaking in cold water is sufficient. Put it on to cook in plenty of cold water, and let it gradually warm; give it four hours slow cooking. In selecting a tongue for cooking, ascertain how long it has been dried; pick the plumpest and smoothest, which is an evidence of its being young and tender. Never cut off the root of the tongue before boiling. When boiled, let it stand as the ham for ten or fifteen minutes in the water; then take it out and skin it. Garnish it with mashed white potatoes and parsley sprigs.

TRIPE.—Select fresh, fat tripe; it is usually prepared by the butcher—cleaned and laid for several days in salt and water. Then it only requires to be well washed before cooking. Then roll it and tie it with white twine; then put into cold water, and boil it slowly for three hours; skim it carefully whilst boiling or it will not be white. Make an onion sauce; take six white onions, peel and cut them in half, lay them in a pan of cold water for half an hour to remove the strong taste; then put them into fresh cold water and boil for half an hour, and throw in a little salt. Throw off that water, and cover them with new milk; let it simmer for fifteen minutes; mash them well; then rub a large spoonful of butter and a spoonful of flour together; stir this into the milk and onions; let it simmer; then rub this through a sieve, and add a cup full of cream or milk. Serve very hot with the tripe, which must be cut into slices before sending to table, keep it rolled in cutting.

CALVES' FEET.—Clean and wash a set of feet (four); put them on in cold water and let them boil slowly two hours. Whilst boiling, throw in a teaspoonful of salt; skim them carefully. Dish them, but remove the large bones. Sauce, the same as for calf's head; they are very delicate and nice. The broth is good for jelly.

CORNED PORK may be soaked for three or four hours before dressing; it must be well washed and scraped. When delicately dressed, it is a favorite dish. It must not be boiled fast; put on in cold water and gradually warm through; skim it frequently whilst boiling. A leg weighing seven pounds requires three hours and a half slow simmering. When you dish the pork, skin it very carefully. Some prefer the skin remaining on, as it loses much of its juices by skinning;—and is very nice cold. Pork must be well cooked. Parsnips are usually eaten with corned pork, but nicely boiled hominy and beans are very necessary with boiled pork.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 8, 4, is a girl's name.
My 2, 11, 7, 5, is a large animal.
My 3, 1, 9, 2, is a useless plant.
My 5, 4, 12, is a small animal.
My 6, 4, 3, is a bird.
My 8, 4, 13, is a vessel for holding liquors.
My 9, 6, 3, 4, 10, 2, is a boy's name.
My whole was a distinguished American statesman. S. H. G.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 10, 1, 2, we could not well do without.
My 17, 2, 16, 5, 3, 5, is worked by steam.
My 16, 3, 8, 9, is of the feminine gender
My 7, 15, 13, 17, you will find in most all business houses.
My 12, 14, 3, 3, 9, is not strong.
My 4, 11, 9, 16, 5, 6, is a kind of fraction.
My whole is a question now agitating the country. SKILLTON SMITH.
Sycamore, Ills.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in mace, but not in club.
My second is in tire, but not in hub.
My third is in yes, but not in no.
My fourth is in strike, but not in blow.
My fifth is in cod, but not in carp.
My sixth is in flute, but not in harp.
My seventh is in tear, but not in sigh.
My eighth is in lip, but not in eye.
My whole is a State of the Union.
S. H. G.

Triple Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Skill.
A large body of water.
An island of Norway.
My initials, centrals, and finals form three colors. JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.
Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a boy's nickname.
My second was a rebel general.
My third is always merry.
My fourth is a part of the human frame.
My whole is a river and a range of mountains.
Robbinsville, N. J. LEW. SINGLETON.

Trigonometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What is the radius of a circle whose centre being taken in, the circumference of another containing 80 acres shall cut off half of its contents? JAMES M. GREENWOOD.
Paulsville, Adair Co., Mo.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The radius of gyration of a grindstone is 3½ feet: its weight 850 lbs., and it makes 400 revolutions in 1 minute. Required—Its tendency to burst. MORGAN STEVENS.
Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find three positive integral numbers whose sum shall be a square number, and the sum of their squares a biquadrate number. ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

What kind of leather would a naked moor remind you of? Ans.—Undressed morocco.

Why was William the Conqueror of no sex? Ans.—Because he was *not a female Norman.*

Which is the most wonderful animal in a farm yard? Ans.—*A pig, because he is killed first and cured afterward.*

Why are all butchers thieves? Ans.—Because they steal (steel) their knives.

Why are they different from all other thieves? Ans.—Because they steal (steel) their own knives. L. L. LEVERING.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—The Great Rebellion. ENIGMA—"Regnant Populi." ENIGMA—Post. RIDDLE—Peace. DOUBLE REBUS—Victoria, Napoleon, (Vulcan, India, Croup, Toledo, Oil, Rhone, Idaho, Amazon.) CHARADE—Pencil, (Pen-sil.)

Answer to R. H. Walter's Charade.

(BY REQUEST OF AUTHOR.)

A little word of letters, five,
Is constantly in mortal strife
With falsehood, error, and perversion,
Of every sort, and every fashion:
Oft "trampled on" and oft "assail'd,"
Though "*stretching*" it, has always fail'd:
It's sure to come out bright and fair,
In every contest, everywhere;
Its moral worth is shining bright
In utter darkness, or broad daylight—
Like gold refined, sevenfold—
The word is "*Truth*," if it *must* be told.
PH. WALTER.
Nazareth, Northampton co., Pa.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's Problem, September 9th.—In 20 years he would have saved $6,842, and he would have gained in 31 years $9,880.10.

Answer to D. Diefenbach, September 16th—154 perches. M. Stevens, C. S. W., and J. N. Soders.

Answer to Gill Bates, same date—Diameter of base, 6 inches; diameter of large base, 3 inches; diameter of small base, ½ inches. J. N. Soders and G. Bates.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's, same date—339.4112549 perches on line from given angle, and greatest possible angle 51 deg. 50 min. 57.362 sec. J. N. Soders and Morgan Stevens answer the same: 339.4112549 yards, angle 115 deg. 27 min.